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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, the young thing oozed sexuality.

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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Cover Girl: June 2016 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Lily Ivy

EVERY year millions of eager scholars head to college to slake their thirst for knowledge–and indulge in the carnal variety.

This issue of *Penthouse Letters* focuses on the student body–and all of the wonderful things it can do!

After all, higher learning is best with hands-on experience, and the lusty letters we've assembled will prove that theory.

Long-held campus crushes blossom into exciting hookups, wild orgies help hardworking students let off some steam, and instructors bend the rules to profess their lust with some lessons you'll never forget.

While there are plenty of barely legal coeds, curious cougars are also in session–finding young lovers who help them turn the page. These pairs are perfectly matched, as older women in their sexual prime meet partners who can finally keep up with them!

Have you had an on-campus encounter that scored high on your list of memories? Share the love and tell us about it! Send your most incredible sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.

–The Editors

PRINTED IN USA

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Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Licensing Inquiries licensing@penthouse.com
International Subscriptions http://intl.penthouse.com

PRODUCTION

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8944 Mason Avenue,
Chatsworth, CA 91311
Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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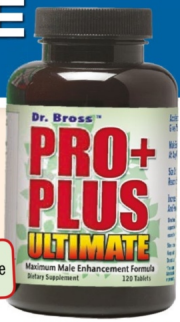

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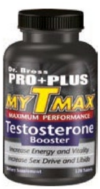

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LETTERS

PURSUIT & CAPTURE

FUN HOUSE

Deb was in my anthropology class. It was her idea to go to the carnival like we were visiting a lost tribe, to study the people who worked there. I went because Deb was insanely hot and I got a blazing hard-on every time she smiled at me.

I couldn't pretend this was a date, as much as I wanted it to be. Deb was friendly and outgoing, and she might have asked anybody else to come with her that night. I felt like a random choice, but I hadn't been to a carnival since I was a kid. So, date or not, I was excited to go with her. She was great to be around. She had dark shiny hair and full lips. Her eyes twinkled—seriously, they actually twinkled. She had a smoking body, with a trim waist, curvy hips and an impressive rack.

She was also funny and cheerful. We walked along the midway, stopping at the booths. They held all the usual corny games, but Deb made everything a gas. I even showed off for her with the oversized hammer thingy where you try to hit the bell at the top of a pole. I summoned every ounce of muscle and clanged it nice and loud. Deb clapped and crowed, "My hero!"

So it almost felt like a date, even though it wasn't. Deb talked to everybody working the carnival who could spare a minute. And even those who were busy usually found the time—men and women both. Did I mention Deb was hot?

She amassed a lot of information on the nomad-like carnival lifestyle. On top of everything else, she was also very intelligent, getting high marks in our anthropology class. She suggested we write a joint paper for extra credit and said she'd talk to our professor. Since I needed to boost my grades, I jumped at the chance.

"That's really nice of you, Deb. Thanks."

She flashed me her dazzling smile, and her eyes twinkled for good measure. My cock stirred helplessly in my jeans.

Then she did something very unexpected. She leaned in and kissed me on the lips. It was soft, but the contact lingered. The act was clearly more than a friendly peck.

A surge of hormonal chaos shot through me as she gently broke our connection. My lips tingled, and my whole body thrummed with excitement.

She took my hand and said, "Let's go into the fun house."

I looked around. The crowd had thinned, and some of the booths were closing up.

"SHE LEANED IN AND KISSED ME ON THE LIPS. IT WAS SOFT, BUT THE CONTACT LINGERED."

"I think they're shutting down," I said. I was about to ask her if she wanted to come back to my dorm.

But she grinned with mischief. "You didn't see, but I slipped the fun house guy a 20 earlier. He'll keep the place open... just for the two of us." She tugged me toward the attraction.

I could hardly believe it. She must have planned this! All the months I'd known Deb, I hadn't ever thought she would be interested in me. Maybe her hotness had intimidated me. Whatever, I felt like the luckiest man in the world that night.

The guy who ran the fun house gave Deb a wink and let us inside. He closed the doors behind us, and I heard the latch turn. The quiet was kind of eerie, but I was burning with desire. I moved to kiss Deb again, but she nimbly slipped away. She trotted a few yards off, turned and grinned.

"If you want me, Josh, you've got to catch me!"

With that she ran off. I stood dumbfounded for a heartbeat or two, then hurried after her. The fun house wasn't a ride. Patrons walked through a series of goofy rooms at their own pace. All the equipment had been left on for us. There were jets that shot air up from the floor, and padded barrels that spun. Calliope music played. By design the scene was bewildering, and somehow that pumped me up.

Deb had already cut through one of the chambers. As I raced after her, I was surprised to see her jacket lying on the floor. I went to pick it up, then saw the shirt she'd been wearing crumpled just a few feet farther on.

Excitement shook me, and my cock was trying to burst out of my jeans. I found Deb's shoes, then her skirt on a big spinning disk. I heard her bare feet padding in the next chamber.

Her bra and panties were on the floor when I entered. She was naked, somewhere ahead in this colorful maze. She wasn't going to be the only one! I quickly stripped off my clothes. My flesh rippled, excited goose pimples standing out on my arms and legs.

With my throbbing cock waggling before me, I advanced into the biggest part of the fun house—the hall of mirrors. I heard her tinkling laughter but didn't see anything except my own reflection, duplicated what seemed like hundreds of times. The mirrors were placed in such a way to completely disorient patrons.

"Oh my," Deb said from somewhere in the maze, "what a big hard cock you've got! I'll bet you want to stick it in me."

I grinned. Suddenly, her image appeared next to mine in the mirrors, but they were reflections of reflections. I was facing a fantasy army of naked Debs, but only one real one was there—somewhere.

The sight of her took my breath away. She was every bit as sexy and beautiful as

my imagination had always figured. Her skin was creamy, her tits high and tight. I did indeed long to stick my cock into her.

I entered the maze and immediately bonked my nose on a clear pane. Some were mirrors, some weren't. They were angled to cause maximum confusion.

"Careful!" Deb laughed. "Don't damage those yummy goods."

I felt my way along. I reached for her nude shape and met only glass. She could be a few feet from me or at the other end of this labyrinth. It was maddening.

"I want to taste your cock, Josh," her disembodied voice said. Her many hands slid up her multiple bodies, and she closed her fingers over her tits. She squeezed and moaned, tweaking her hard pink nipples. "I want to get your cock wet with my mouth, and then I want you to fuck my pussy with it. All you have to do is find me!"

It was becoming torture. Our reflections overlapped and mingled, but I couldn't reach the flesh-and-blood Deb. Frustration ate at me as she slipped a hand between her legs and started fingering her pussy.

"Oh!" she cried. "I'm so wet for you, Josh. Hurry! Hurry!"

I turned corners and doubled back. I groped along the mirrored surfaces. Some part of me was ready to punch through all these reflections to get to that beautiful woman. But Deb wanted to play it this way, so I would go along.

Even so, I was about ready to weep as she fingered herself harder, finally crying out with orgasmic joy. I stumbled forward, gazing longingly at her nearest reflection. Suddenly, her hand lifted toward me. I smelled the pussy juice on her fingers, which brushed against my lips.

I tasted her fingertips as she stepped forward—the real Deb, finally! Her flavor was tart and delicious. I ran my hands up her smooth flanks, savoring the satiny texture of her skin. I groped her luscious tits, relishing the firmness of her flesh.

She took her fingers from my mouth, and we kissed again, deeply this time as

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↘ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

our tongues tangled. I pulled her against me, my cock pulsing against her taut abdomen. It had been worth it, the whole crazy game of pursuit.

With a look of hungry lust on her face, Deb dropped to her knees in front of me. She took gentle hold of my balls and swirled her tongue over my swollen cockhead, making my body jump. The pleasure was so intense it was almost painful.

That calliope music continued to play as she closed her mouth over my knob. I gazed down, wonderstruck, as she started swallowing my straining shaft. I felt her busy tongue still at work, undulating against my staff.

She took me down to my base, deep-throating me fearlessly. My cockhead pulsed in her throat as she kneaded my nutsac, causing me to release an appreciative groan. Her mouth lifted and dropped, keeping up a firm suction as her hand massaged my balls.

I set my hands on her shoulders, then slid them onto her head. With an encouraging growl from Deb, I tangled my fingers into her dark hair. I gave my hips an experimental thrust, and she met it perfectly, swallowing me to the hilt.

I tightened my fingers in her hair and fucked her face. She looked up at me with those shining eyes—but then she pulled her mouth off me before that joy could flood her throat. I remembered that she wanted me to fuck her. She stood, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. My cock gleamed with her spit. Grinning, she turned around and set her hands against a mirror, thrusting her perfect ass at me.

I stepped in eagerly behind to cup her pert butt and spread her. Then I jammed my cock into her wet, waiting pussy. She gripped me with her slippery heat, and new bolts of pleasure hit me. Again, I gazed down in wonder to watch my shaft disappearing into this fantastic woman.

As I started stroking into her, I realized we were surrounded by a horde of our own reflections. Each one of me was fucking each one of her from behind. Deb's lovely faces were twisted with bliss. My many cocks plowed her multiple pussies. I could see us at every angle. I saw each flex of our bodies, every exquisite motion.

We looked beautiful together, locked in our sexual rapture. Her sweet ass rippled with every thrust, and her body undulated sensually. Her moans climbed octave by octave, and I watched her fingers go white against the glass. Even from behind, I was able to look into her eyes—thanks to the mirrors everywhere.

I saw the final pleasure welling up there. It was like a visible physical force, filling her and brimming over. She began to quake violently, and I clutched her ass as I pounded her. Suddenly, I was going over the brink, too.

My come tore out of me in thick spurts, each one a fierce jolt. The pleasure shook me to my marrow as I finished unloading into her.

Afterward, I staggered back with my knees shaking. Deb levered herself off the glass. She came to me, and we kissed softly and sweetly. We'd come to the carnival to make an anthropological study, but it was the memory of the fun house that we would both take away.

–J.R., via email

LESSON IN LUST

After I failed several business law quizzes, my professor suggested I visit the college's tutoring center for some help. The course was a requirement for my major, and I really didn't want to be forced to repeat it. Graduation was so close I could taste it. If getting my diploma on time meant swallowing my pride and bending to a bookworm for my final fall semester, I was prepared to do that.

When I arrived for my first session, I was directed to the back of the learning center where a tiny blonde sat on a stool, hunched over a desk. With her back to me, all I was able to see was a tiny, tapered waist that flared out to lush

hips. A creamy band of skin lay exposed between the hem of her shirt and the waistband of her jeans.

When she turned to greet me, I knew I was fucked. Ice-blue eyes sparkled behind her glasses, and her thick black frames screamed sexy nerd. Her smile paralyzed every part of my body but my dick—which chose that moment to stand at attention.

Sitting so close to Leah in semi-privacy and not jumping her bones was one of the most difficult things my horny 21-year-old self has ever had to do.

One afternoon we were forced into a tiny study cubicle. Our knees bumped on and off the entire time. They were the simplest, most innocent touches, but they sparked fire under my skin. By the end of our session, my erection was straining against the fly of my jeans. How I hobbled out of there without causing a scene is still beyond me.

After a few weeks of mild flirting, I finally decided to bite the bullet and ask Leah out for drinks. Her kind refusal paired with the gentle admission that she couldn't date someone she tutored took the air out of my sails real fast.

Fortunately, I made it through the final weeks of tutoring without embarrassing myself further. I even wound up getting a B in the course. When I proudly presented my near perfect final exam to Leah she pulled me in for a tight hug. Even without skin-to-skin contact, my cock twitched when her soft breasts pressed against my chest.

Then Leah invited me to an end-of-semester party her friends were throwing. In that moment I thought I was the luckiest guy in the world. Armed with my ego-boosting B in business law, I figured I deserved to blow off a little steam and celebrate.

I hit the house party and headed straight for the keg, and that's where I found Leah pouring herself a beer.

She looked up at me and smiled, saying, "Hey, James!" She then thrust a beer-filled red cup into my hand before pouring another brewski for herself. "Perfect night to celebrate, right?"

"HER FLESH, LIKE HOT, SLICK VELVET, YIELDED TO ME AND BECKONED ME DEEPER INSIDE."

I smiled back and shrugged. "I never could have pulled it off without the help of my amazing tutor."

Leah laid her hand on my arm. She looked up at me from under heavy lids. "But I'm not your tutor anymore."

Things escalated pretty quickly after that. When Leah started kissing my neck and my erection threatened to bust through my jeans, I decided it was time to take things out of the public eye.

My mind raced with possibilities for privacy, but my raging erection wasn't going to let me leave the house we were in. I tugged open a door and found a laundry room. A big pile of towels in the corner were fluffy enough to be clean.

I pulled Leah into the room and quickly closed the door behind us. Then I dumped the basket of towels onto the floor and settled myself in the center of them.

I pulled Leah down onto my lap, nestling her ass right against my dick. My hands skimmed along her waist, sliding beneath her shirt to cup the breasts I'd been admiring for months. While I tested the weight of the globes in my hands, I licked a lazy trail along her shoulder and up her neck.

With just a little work, the button on her jeans gave way, and my hand slid beneath to find a deliciously bare pussy. My fingers explored her folds for a while, sliding along her slit until she groaned. The dewy moisture that coated my fingers lubricated my massage. I pressed my wet fingers against Leah's clit and circled her heated bud.

While my hand worked her pussy, my mouth kept busy on her neck. Licking one spot beneath her earlobe elicited a whimper that made my dick twitch. As she arched into my touch, her ass wriggled against my erection.

I continued to slide my fingers between her slippery folds and then focused on her clit. I rubbed her in hard, fast circles until her climax broke. Her body quivered as she released the prettiest moans. My middle finger was temptingly close to the entrance of her pussy, and I dipped deeper to slide inside her.

Leah groaned. "Fuck me, please."

After a few months of always following Leah's lead, turning the tables and commanding the scene felt awesome. Watching her fall apart under my touch, then beg for more provided a huge rush.

I slid out from underneath Leah. She

LETTERS

↘ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

was still shivering from her orgasm, but she found the energy to tug her jeans down her hips. The tip of her tongue slid out to moisten her lips. "Fuck me, James."

I pulled the jeans down to her feet but didn't remove them. The stretchy denim was wrapped around Leah's ankles. It kept her legs close, leaving me just enough space to slip in between her thighs.

I rolled Leah onto her stomach and eased her into doggy position. Crouching that way put Leah's pussy on full display. She was soaking wet, and the filmy fabric of her thong was wedged between her swollen lips. The material was drenched. It was almost see-through but concealed just enough to throw my impatience into overdrive. Nothing was going to block me from the pussy I'd been craving for months.

I tore open my jeans to free my cock and straddled her bound legs. Then I tore the thin elastic straps that rested over her hips, one at a time. The snapping bands bit at her skin, and she hissed loudly.

My dick responded with its own insistent throb. The tiny bead of pre-come that seeped from my crown was nothing compared to the moisture between Leah's thighs. I swirled my tip around her entrance, and her slick hole readily welcomed me inside. Her flesh, like hot, slick velvet, yielded to me and beckoned me deeper.

Every thrust delivered an electric shock to my balls. Leah's moans inspired a similar reaction. Whenever I dared to pull my dick far enough from her depths that my tip might slip outside, she responded with a ragged groan.

"I INCREASED MY SPEED AS MUCH AS THE GRIP SHE HAD ON MY DICK WOULD ALLOW."

Her visceral sound echoed my own horny hunger. It demanded that I pound her harder and faster. I increased my speed as much as the vise-like grip she had on my dick would allow. My balls slapped against her slit with every thrust.

The momentary brush of her pussy against my balls was more of a tease than a turn-on. I growled through my frustration and pulled Leah up so that her back rested against my chest and I could yank her shirt up and off. Peering over Leah's shoulder, I could see the tantalizing cleft of her cleavage. I popped open the clasp at the front of her bra, and then yanked the straps down her arms before sliding both hands up to cup her breasts.

I'm not exaggerating when I say that those breasts held a starring role in my fantasies for months. Leah seemed to prefer shirts that masked her ample cleavage, and that PG-rated image was nothing compared to seeing them in all their naked glory.

Her dark pink nipples beaded up as I brushed my thumbs along the tender underside of her breasts. Their teardrop shape sat heavy in my hands. A quick pinch of Leah's rosy peaks made her pussy grip me hard.

The urgent thrusts of my hips were violently jolting her lithe body, but every sound that moved past her lips was of pure pleasure. Stimulating every erogenous zone on her body became a priority. I slid one of my hands back to her clit. My lips and teeth worked her neck, and my fingertips played with her clit. All the while, I kept driving my dick hard and fast into her pussy. I was striving for a full sensory overload.

Leah's breathy moans increased in volume as her pussy began to spasm. A helpless groan preceded another hard contraction, which was followed by a wave of wetness.

I embraced Leah tightly, and she sagged against my back. Her soft, twitching muscles massaged my throbbing dick and made the tension

in my body increase tenfold. I rocked into her at a slow but steady pace. It wasn't long before my balls grew tight. I gritted my teeth against my impending orgasm and drew back for another rigorous round of thrusts.

Then my climax knocked the wind out of me. At the last possible second I pulled my dick from between Leah's legs and shot my load onto the floor.

When we both caught our breath, I helped Leah clean herself up using the towels from our makeshift love nest. Once we both felt ready to face the world, we headed out of the room and left the party. We spent the rest of the night working off months of sexual tension at her off campus apartment.

Sex with Leah absolutely outdid all of my fantasies. Even my wildest dreams couldn't stand up to the real-life experience of feeling her pussy grip my dick. I'll admit that I wanted to get inside her pants much sooner, but all those months of anticipation absolutely added to the experience.

–J.K., Boston, Massachusetts

HOT STUFF

I slid the coffee cup across the counter and yelled, "Tall decaf café latte with coconut milk for Sharon!" Then I promptly untied my apron and yanked it off, broadcasting the message that I was officially done for the day.

I hit the bathroom, washed my hands and tried to decide if I wanted to eat something or run home.

I came out of the employee break room to the normal hustle, bustle and chaos of the coffee shop only to spot her. *Her*. My feet stopped working, and my eyes zeroed in on her jeans, and by God, I wasn't hallucinating. It was her.

I had two major tests in the morning, a shift after classes tomorrow and finals were approaching. Yet, none of that crossed my mind because I'd been waiting for the woman with the star pants to come back for ages.

And she had, wearing the very pants that fascinated me.

I made my way to the end of the line and stood behind her.

She was small. I'd only served her once, and she'd reminded me of a fairy or some magical woodland creature. She was at least 12 inches shorter than my six feet, and so small I felt like I could tuck her up under my arm and run off with her–whisk her away to some romantic place where she'd give me the time of day.

Despite her petite nature, she was curvy, and her heart-shaped ass fit perfectly in those faded jeans that, for some inexplicable reason, had stars all over them. The stars themselves were only a hair darker than the jeans. They almost looked like the ghostly afterimage you see when someone takes a picture using a flash.

She wore her hair shorn short for the most part with a shock of voluminous bangs in the front. The top ridge of her right ear was pierced, and she had a small tattoo at the nape of her neck.

She must have felt me looking because she turned, glanced up at me, and then smiled. I exhaled a bit too forcefully. The exhalation made her eyes widen, so I tried to smile back. It was easy because I had gotten to see that her eyes were a vibrant blue the color of those tropical waters they show in travel magazines.

"Sorry," I managed. "Rough day. Deep breath. Zen. All that shit."

Her eyebrow went up, and my dick twitched. I had no idea why I was so fascinated by this girl. Or why I'd been so taken with her the one and only time I'd seen her. All I knew was she was back and I'd been waiting ages, hoping she'd return. I'd been plotting my attack so to speak–how would I woo her? How would I try to get her to go out with me?

I'd be damned if I missed my chance, even if I did end up looking like an idiot.

"Oh!" she said as her face blushed prettily. "You work here, right?"

"I do."

"Then why in the world are you in line?" she asked as we advanced.

I was studying the way she'd highlighted her bright eyes with dusky kohl, so I was on a time delay as my brain tried to convince my boner not to become too obvious.

"I am hungry," I said.

She cocked her head.

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↘ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

I shook mine and laughed. "That didn't sound robotic or anything, did it?"

She smiled wider.

"I'm hungry. I just got off my shift. I was going to get some food and take it home."

"Long day?"

"Very."

"I'd have eaten elsewhere."

"Discount," I said. "Plus, you."

"Me?"

The line shuffled forward some more, and I followed right behind her.

"I've been waiting for you to return." Best to be honest. "And that sounded old-fashioned as shit, didn't it?"

She turned to face me and smiled. "It did. I like it."

"Those jeans," I said, shaking my head.

"What about them?"

"I remember them. And you in them. And…yeah. I'm going to shut up now."

She surprised me by turning fully to face me. "I remember you, too."

"You do?"

"I do. And I like what you said. I live around the corner. At least, I do, again. I was gone for months because my place was being remodeled. I was at my mom's. Come eat at my place."

She thought about what she said, and I had to stifle a laugh as she turned bright red.

"Okay," I said. What else could I say?

She got her drink, and I got my food. Then we left together. I walked to work every day, and she apparently walked to the shop. So we strolled together to her small apartment building. It had been a large house that had apparently been split into four small apartments.

"I'm on top," she said.

"Good to know."

She laughed and then there was that red color rising in her cheeks again.

She led the way up the steps to the second floor, and I watched her ass as she went. My cock grew hard again, and I chewed the inside of my cheek to try and keep my shit together.

The moment we were inside her apartment, she turned and grabbed me. "I was with someone then."

Her mouth met mine, and I didn't bother to question her. I pressed her against the wall and kissed her in return. I pressed my pelvis to her super-tight star-studded jeans and felt the cleft of her pussy lips.

"I get it," I said.

"I have a confession," she said.

"What?"

I put down the bag with my food, cupped her ass and held her to me.

"I went into the shop to see if you still worked there."

That was all I needed to hear. I yanked at the button of her jeans, and she thrust her hips forward to meet my seeking hands. When my fingers fumbled, she helped me. Between the two of us we got her pants down, and I sucked in a breath to find her bare beneath.

"Oh."

"Yeah, I don't wear underwear often."

"Oh," I said again, dropping to my knees and parting her thighs. I pushed my face to her pussy and inhaled the scent of her. I felt her legs shake beneath my hands and held her thighs far apart as I leaned in to lick her. I lapped at her pussy and sucked her clit roughly. She mewled and arched and wiggled, and I did it again, drawing on her hard until she gasped.

I pushed my finger inside her cunt. She was so wet and hot it was like her pussy had a fever. I curled my finger in her depths, feeling the warmth and the softness of her pussy.

"Again. More. Harder." She jabbed her hips at me as I pushed my fingers deep and suckled on that tiny nub.

It only took another minute or two of stroking her with my tongue and fucking her with my fingers. Then her small hands were in my hair and she was tugging as she bucked her cunt against my mouth roughly. When she came, she sobbed

"SHE CAME FAST AND HARD. IT WAS EFFORTLESS, AND WE MELDED TOGETHER PERFECTLY."

like the world was ending, but her body trembled with pleasure.

I stood and scooped her up. "Bed."

"Pull-out sofa." She laughed and then pointed toward the archway into the next room.

Thank God the sleeper was already pulled out. I dropped her as softly as I could, but she still bounced. She tugged at her shirt even as I was yanking at my jeans. I pulled my pants off and almost fell over getting out of my boxer briefs. I tossed them both behind me as I took my hard-on in hand, studying her there on the bed, naked and petite and everything I'd ever dreamed of. Her short hair stuck up like some exotic bird, and when she smiled at me, my cock got so hard I feared it would snap off. I wanted to bury myself in her heat and fuck her until we both forgot our names.

She sat up swiftly and put her hands on my hips. She parted her lips and looked up at me. I let loose a sigh and dragged the tip of my cock along her lower lip. She licked the trail of pre-come I left there. Then I dragged the tip along her upper lip.

She moved slightly, sucked my cockhead into her mouth and swirled her tongue over the sensitive skin.

I gritted my teeth. I didn't want to come, but damn, she was making me hot.

She kept those bright eyes wide open, and she pushed her Cupid's-bow lips down my shaft and inhaled through her nose. I felt my cock brush the back of her throat and thought my knees might buckle. Her small hand moved to cup my balls and gently squeeze. My eyes drifted shut, and I thrust into her mouth with as much restraint as I could muster.

She sucked my cock with vigor until I had to shove my hands in her hair and tug softly to stop her. "I'm going to come if you keep that up."

"So?"

"So, then it will be over."

"And you want to fuck me before it's over?"

I could only nod.

"Good," she said. "That's what I want, too."

She scooted back on the bed and held out a hand to me. I dropped to my knees on the mattress and took her hand, letting her draw me down.

"Kiss me."

I kissed her like my fucking life depended on it.

She parted her thighs, and I nestled my erection against her dripping-wet pussy. When she moved me so I could drive into her I thought I might die.

"You're so hot inside. And wet."

"Hot and wet," she echoed. She shoved her hands beneath her ass and raised her hips to meet my every thrust. She came fast and hard. It was effortless, and we melded together perfectly.

"Faster," she said. "Another one's coming."

"I'm going any second," I said, looking down into that pretty face.

"Good. I'll come with you." Then she laughed at her own joke.

I let my body press down on hers as my hips pistoned. Her small breasts mashed to my chest. She leaned up to kiss me and then bit my lower lip. The spark of pain did me in, and I drove deep and fast and said, "Coming."

Her response was to cry out as her orgasm rocked her. I shook as I emptied into her.

"Sarah," she whispered.

"What?"

"That's my name."

"Oh, shit." I laughed and told her my mine. "It's really nice to finally meet you."

"Ditto," she said.

–Name and address withheld

We always say it's better to be chased than chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters,* Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

WHITE HOT

LUNA IS SHY AT FIRST, UNTIL SHE SHEDS HER CLOTHES—AND HER INHIBITIONS!

LES

LES
CADAVRES
NE PORTENT PAS
DE COSTARD

"A HOT GUY WITH A HARD COCK IS ALL I NEED FOR A GOOD TIME."

—LUNA

LETTERS

CLUSTERFUCK

PARTY OF SIX

I attend a prestigious university and am in a fraternity. I know that makes me automatically hated by some, but our frat isn't filled with rich assholes. We're more laid-back, a frat for guys who don't want to join a traditional frat. I also know that most frats have a reputation for lots of sex, and that's overblown. I mean, there has been sex in this house, but nothing like the Animal House that people envision.

That is, until recently. Two brothers and I just participated in our first honest-to-God orgy, and I still can't believe it happened. Most amazingly, it starred the most beautiful girl on campus.

My buddy Ryan is a smooth-talker; he is the kind of guy who could get on an airplane without a ticket. He's also a big man on campus—he's the quarterback of the football team and student body president. He has slept with almost every pretty girl in school, and those of the neighboring colleges as well. But there's one girl he couldn't snag. He called her his White Whale, the rest of called her the Ice Goddess.

Her name is Dakota, and when Ryan and I met in our freshman biology class, she was sitting two rows ahead of us. He didn't even know me, as we were still living in the dorms then, but he turned to me and said, "Friend, now I know why I came to this school. Before I graduate, I'm going to nail that chick."

Three years passed, and Ryan still hadn't gotten a date with her. She was from old money. Rumors flew that she only dated married men or guys in their 30s—or was a lesbian—or all three. Ryan, though, like Ahab, never stopped pursuing his quarry.

Over the years I'd gotten myself a girlfriend. Emma is a freckle-faced redhead and a drama major. I don't know much about theater, but she seems really talented and wants to go to New York to be an actress. She's lean and beautiful and has a goofy sense of humor, and we have a great time, in and out of bed.

The strangest guy in our frat, and also one of the most lovable, is Virgil. His significant other is Zelda, and they are perfect for each other because they are throwbacks to the '60s. Virgil wears tie-dyed shirts, sandals and scruffy jeans, and Zelda is a flower child who wears peasant skirts, puts flowers in her hair and, more often than not, goes barefoot. A cloud of patchouli follows them wherever they go.

So our frat had its annual "Welcome Back" mixer at the beginning of the year, and Virgil, Zelda, Emma and I were there, and lo and behold, Ryan walked in, wearing his best suit, with Dakota on his arm. The party almost stopped dead. Nobody had ever seen Dakota date a fellow student or attend a party. Someone once said that she'd called college parties juvenile and usually spent her weekends at her country club back home. But now, real as life, she was there with Ryan. Little did I know that before the evening was over my cock would be in her asshole.

The party was a blast. We drank, danced and drank some more, and then drank even more. By the time the festivities died down we were in Ryan's room, the six of us: Emma and I, Virgil and Zelda, and Ryan and Dakota. It was perfectly designed—a redhead, a blonde (Zelda has almost platinum-blonde hair) and a brunette. (Dakota has dark brown hair she wears in a Cleopatra style, with straight bangs.) We were all pleasantly surprised to find that Dakota was a regular Joe, or should I say Josephine. She was down to earth and not at all snooty like the rumors we'd all heard.

Dakota was fascinated with Zelda. I think in her hoity set she had never met a girl like her, who not only was hippie-like but frequently went without shaving her armpits or her legs and avoided underwear.

"So you never wear a bra?" Dakota asked with astonishment as she sat in a chair by the bed.

"Nah," Zelda said as she plunked into a bean bag, her legs sticking up and out. "My tits aren't that big. And I usually don't wear underwear either, except on windy days."

Virgil chuckled; he was lying flat on his back at her feet with a clear view of her pussy.

Zelda continued, "Virgil always goes

commando, too. I think it feels better and so does he."

We all laughed, and Dakota blushed. Zelda climbed out of the bean bag and went over to Dakota. "What kind of undies do you wear? No offense, but I figure you for Agent Provocateur."

Zelda brashly pulled aside the sleeve of Dakota's dress to reveal an ornate red bra strap. "Ah! I was right. It's cool, though. I don't judge. Whatever works for you, babe."

Dakota might have stood and stormed out of the room in embarrassment, but she didn't. She was still intrigued. "You're not wearing any panties right now?" she asked Zelda.

Zelda smiled, lifted her skirt and showed off her bush. It was the first time I had ever seen it (I had caught her coming out of the shower a few times but only caught sight of her butt and boobs). Zelda had a tangled forest of hair. It would only be a matter of minutes before my nose was buried there.

The air was now charged with sexual energy. Zelda turned to Emma, who was lying next to me on the bed, too stunned to speak.

"Emma, you probably wear, like, Maidenform, right? Again, no offense."

Emma blushed, and when a redhead blushes it's like watching a tomato ripen. Zelda felt bad and crawled into bed with us. "Aw, I'm sorry hon. I have a big mouth." She kissed Emma on the forehead, and then stuck her hand down Emma's jeans.

Time seemed to stand still. What happened next would determine whether the evening broke up and friendships ended—or whether the hottest orgy on campus would happen. Finally, Emma unbuttoned her jeans and said, "I'll have you know I'm wearing Calvin Klein."

Zelda smiled impishly and pushed her hand further down into Emma's crotch. Emma took a deep, quick breath, and I knew that Zelda's finger had found its target. She turned to me and asked, "Do you mind me messing with your girl, Andrew?" I answered her by flipping her skirt over her butt and giving her a smack.

"It depends on how much Virgil minds," I answered.

"Shit, man, I don't care," Virgil drawled.

After that, Dakota got down on the floor with him and began kissing him hungrily. But before I dove into Zelda, I noticed that Ryan, of all people, was the only one unoccupied.

But frankly I didn't care about Ryan at that moment and began tonguing Zelda's asshole. At the same time, I thought I heard a zipper going down and Virgil exhaling. I took a quick peek and sure enough, Dakota was sucking his cock, which was surprisingly large. By now Ryan was kneeling next to Emma, who was fumbling around in his shorts for his cock. I was surprised that I was not jealous and returned my attention to Zelda.

I got underneath her and inhaled her ripe scent. I flicked my tongue against her pussy lips, and she ground against my face. I gripped her hips and gave her the best cunnilingus I know how to give. Before long, her nectar was trickling all over my chin.

I pulled away and saw that Dakota was completely naked and riding Virgil, who was similarly unclothed. Emma was busy sucking Ryan's dick, and Zelda had skinned my girl's pants off and was fingering and eating her. I was the only one fully dressed and quickly altered that situation.

"I BEGAN FUCKING HER DOGGY-STYLE, HER SNUG VAGINA GRIPPING ME LIKE A HAND."

I had to put my cock somewhere. Zelda's cunt was the only one unoccupied, so I returned to it. I began fucking her doggy-style, her snug vagina gripping me like a hand, and she bucked back toward me enthusiastically.

From my vantage point I could see everything. Virgil flipped Dakota over and fucked her missionary-style. She wrapped her legs around his waist. The other four of us broke up and got into more comfortable positions. Zelda got on her knees in front of me and blew me, while Ryan got Emma on all fours and gave it to her hard.

The first guy to come was Virgil, who

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pulled out and splashed his jism on Dakota's tummy. Zelda said, "Excuse me," before jumping down to lick her boyfriend's cream off of Dakota. Once she did, she shared some of it with the bold brunette. That was ridiculously hot, watching Virgil's spunk drip from Zelda's mouth into Dakota's waiting throat.

Sort of like playing musical chairs, we switched. Ryan set about feasting on Dakota's well-fucked pussy. She sat on his face, and Zelda sucked his cock. Emma took care of me, licking my balls and stroking my aching cock. Virgil sat back and stroked his member back to life, signaling he was not yet done.

Dakota withdrew from Ryan's face and lowered herself, cowgirl-style, onto his erection. "Hey, guys," she uttered, "can you fulfill a fantasy of mine?"

At that point, Virgil and I would have done anything—legal or not.

"I've never been gang-banged before. Would you mind?"

Virgil and I looked at each other and shrugged. I got behind her and licked her asshole, making it nice and slick. Virgil somehow maneuvered around her so she could suck his cock. Ryan was still underneath her, not quite knowing what to do other than lay there and let her fuck him. I sank my dick into her asshole, getting into a rhythm so that when she pulled up off Ryan, I could push into her. She mumbled happily as her mouth was full of Virgil's stout dick.

And what were Zelda and Emma up to? A 69, it turned out. They both snuck peeks at Dakota's fantasy coming true in between licking each other's cunts.

I was next to come, filling Dakota's back passage with semen. When I pulled out, some of my white cream trickled from her asshole. I fell back into the bean bag, uncertain I would ever be able to move again. I watched Zelda and Emma, now locked in a scissor position, rubbing their pussies together until each came. Then Ryan had Dakota on her back, and he pumped an entire college career's worth of pent-up lust into her pussy. He pulled out and lay beside her, and Zelda leapt between the girl's legs to suck Ryan's come right out of her gaping cunt.

We went for one more go round, each with the person we'd brought, all romantic with the lights out and everything. Ryan and Dakota began seeing each other regularly, and best of all, that night has become a touchstone. We don't avoid talking about it, and we're planning another get-together soon.

And Dakota took Zelda shopping at Agent Provocateur.

–A.S., via email

ORGY 101

"You cheated on me with how many others?" I demanded with all the fury of a college girl in her first lesbian relationship.

Tina did exactly the right thing—though I wouldn't have admitted it right then. She laughed her pretty blonde head off.

As I waited her out, I realized I had literally been asking for it. We hadn't talked about exclusivity, and I'd hit her with the question out of the blue: Have you slept with anybody else since we got together? I suppose I was expecting some lovey-dovey answer. Stupid. Naïve.

But what Tina had said still stung and, frankly, amazed me. She said she'd fucked dozens since me. Dozens!

"Look, Sylvie, after a couple of orgies the numbers pile up fast."

"Orgies?" Again, I was stunned. "You can't be serious!"

She shrugged. "Well, why not? Get a bunch of fun, friendly people together who want to have fun and magic happens. What's the harm?"

I tried to absorb her words, aware of how exciting I found the concept on some primal level. But I wasn't done being a brat, apparently. I muttered, "I thought I was enough for you."

We were in her dorm, lying on her bed. She stroked my cheek with her fingertips. She said, "You're not. But that's no knock against you. I really dig you, Sylvie, but you'd have to be able

to grow a cock now and then to totally satisfy me—something more realistic than your strap-on. Even then...orgies are just too fun. You should try it!"

Tina had planted the seed. The fantasy bloomed in my mind, sending ripples of curiosity through my body over the next few days. She'd told me where her group of hedonists met, in a house off-campus. The idea continued to beat in my skull. I had only just undertaken my first gay girl experience. Was I ready to do something far more drastic?

One night in bed with Tina I growled and grunted, bucking my pussy against her slurping sucking mouth and coming hard. She crawled on top of me. I kissed her wet mouth and reached over her supple ass to finger her pussy from behind. She squirmed atop me, making soft sounds of pleasure.

"I think I want to," I murmured.

"Want...to...what?" she panted as I delved two fingers deep into her.

I bit my lip, then said, "I want to go to the next orgy with you."

Her eyes sprang open wide, and her sweet face twisted with climactic bliss. After her orgasm ebbed, she lay limp on me. I held her tightly. "I'm so glad," she responded.

The next night we went to the house. It was a nice roomy place. Several university seniors lived there, but a number of others also showed up. The crowd was diverse, but everybody did indeed seem fun and friendly.

It wasn't like we stepped through the front door, dropped our clothes and jumped into a pile. There were soft drinks and snacks in the foyer, and people milled around and chatted, like it was a regular party.

I blushed the first time I saw someone I knew, but he came over to greet me and said he was glad I was there. I relaxed some after that.

At about ten o'clock people started slipping away. At first I didn't notice. I was talking to a woman with lovely green eyes when I realized Tina wasn't in the room any longer. Panic seized me, but I calmed myself down.

"I NEVER SAW HIS FACE WHILE HE FUCKED ME, AND I FOUND THAT FACT EXCITING."

Then I actually saw people going into the next room. They were taking off their clothes as they walked and going forward naked. My heart was racing. My palms were wet. But so was my pussy. Sexual energy crackled within me. It coated my skin like a static charge. I started shedding my own clothing.

I had never been naked in front of more than one person. I tried to hide my trembling. These people were nice. I had enjoyed them socially, and they must have liked me, too, or they would've shown me the door.

Putting my clothes aside, I stepped through the doorway and into the spacious room. The orgy was already underway. My first orgy. There was no turning back.

I tried to take it all in with a single glance, but that was impossible. My brain couldn't process everything I saw. When we were chatting and mingling, we had seemed a fairly small group. Now I realized there were some two dozen people. All were naked. All were engaged with one or two (or three!) other partners.

They weren't silent. Moans rose from the mass, and sighs and snarls of pleasure. Gym mats had been laid out on the floor. There was no other furniture. Desperate for somewhere to anchor my eyes, I sought out Tina. For a moment I couldn't find her, then I spotted her blonde-haired head. It was currently bobbing up and down, and her mouth was full of some guy's cock.

I felt a vestigial stab of unnecessary jealousy, then I appreciated how adroit a cocksucker my girlfriend was. I stepped deeper into the room, my bare feet sinking into the soft mat.

A hand reached up and caressed my calf, moving up toward my thigh. In a daze I continued to study the sexual panoply surrounding me. A jock was licking greedily at a svelte female's glistening pussy, while another woman was busily sucking on her tits. And behind that woman was a guy with an eagle tattoo who was plowing her pussy from behind.

There was a beautiful inter-connectedness. It was like a carnal circuit, buzzing with energy, going round and round.

Someone stepped in behind me. Hands

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came around my waist and closed over my full tits. I sighed, looking down at the long fingernails glinting with polish. I turned my head, and a face came over my shoulder, a mouth meeting mine. I tongue-kissed someone who turned out to be the green-eyed woman I'd met mere minutes ago. She plucked at my nipples, which were achingly stiff.

The hand caressing my thigh tugged me toward the floor. The green-eyed woman eased me down as well. I went, sinking in among the bodies. She lay alongside me, and we kissed deeply this time. Almost immediately somebody else was delving fingers between my ass cheeks and then seeking the slick lips of my pussy.

The fingers grazed me, and I wriggled to signal my encouragement, then those digits slipped inside me. My clit throbbed. I clutched the green-eyed woman's tits. She thrust them toward my mouth, and I sucked hard on her pink nipples.

I felt a muscled male body slip in behind me, and a cock replaced the questing fingers. I welcomed it. The hard shaft slid up into me. I thrust my hips back against the ingress, taking him as deeply as I could. Pleasure flared out over my flesh. I felt his stubbly face against my neck, and his breath tickled my nape. Lying on his side, he stroked harder into me.

With the green-eyed woman's left tit still in my mouth, I felt a wicked climax whip through me. It was sudden and overwhelming, the joy of it spreading warmth through me. A few seconds later my male lover added to that warmth, releasing jets of come deep inside me. He kissed my shoulder and slipped out of my pussy. I never saw his face while he fucked me, and I found that fact wildly exciting.

"WE SLURPED HIS COCKHEAD IN TANDEM, OUR TONGUES TOUCHING IN A DIRTY KISS."

Obviously by now I was in the swing of things and loving it. But it was still a happy shock when I looked up from my tit-sucking and saw a man kneeling beside the green-eyed woman. She was sucking his cock. I began to help her, and together we traded his meat back and forth between our mouths. We even slurped his cockhead in tandem, our tongues touching in a dirty kiss.

He erupted between us, and we spent several delighted moments licking come off each other's lips and cheeks.

She rolled away, and I went crawling further into the depths of the groaning gathering. Someone caught me on my hands and knees. My mystery lover spread my ass cheeks, and a slathering tongue caressed my quivering butt hole. Vulnerable bliss lit up my nerve endings. The intense attention coaxed another climax out of me after a few beautiful moments. I didn't know if a man or a woman had just rimmed me. It didn't matter. I was connected to all these wonderful people.

There was of course plenty of lube on hand. I cheerfully let the guy I'd recognized earlier oil up my already humming asshole, so he could sink his lovely cock into it. I'd only tried anal a couple times before this, but I suddenly understood the full pleasure of the act. He slid into me tenderly, taking his time and building me to a level of ferocious excitement. I moaned with elation as he reamed my ass, depositing his spunk in my back channel.

It was a free-for-all. But that didn't mean anyone could do whatever they liked to anybody else. The various partners eased into every new situation, conscientious of the other's feelings. But it was done so smoothly, as if we were all one hive mind, with a single goal of facilitating rapture.

A lithe woman straddled my face while

someone else fucked my pussy. While that was happening yet another lovely female came along, stood up and jammed her cunt against the mouth of the woman riding my face.

I was covered with stray juices, and I loved it. I felt anointed into this wondrous jubilation. I had Tina to thank. In fact, I wanted to seriously thank her.

I wrangled a male who earlier had spunked down my throat. His cock stood rampant again. I had him sit up and anchor me while I sat in his lap, but I didn't take his hard meat up into me. Instead, I waved to Tina. She came over, grinning and as damp with fluids as me.

I said, "Time for you to suck my cock."

The guy's shaft stuck straight out right below my pussy, so that it was almost like it was my throbbing shaft. Tina's eyes glazed with lust. She eagerly dropped her mouth down on it. My pussy was grinding on the base of the guy's staff, and I was bringing myself to yet another spectacular climax–all while Tina was "blowing me."

By the sounds of her needy groans, she liked the illusion as much as me. When the guy came, I got off with him, and I fantasized that she'd swallowed my load.

Later, we walked back to campus, arm in arm. I'd never known such sexual satisfaction in my life. What a great first orgy! It definitely wasn't my last.

–S.M., via email

GROUP GROPE

"What do you mean group sex?"

Felicia snorted with laughter. "I mean what I said. Group sex. I've had it, and it was great."

I know I looked stunned, despite a rush of excitement flowing through me.

"I've only done it once before. Me and Todd and Brandon and some friends. I thought maybe you'd like to join us."

"And we'll all just have sex?"

"That's the point." She said with a laugh. "It's no big deal if you say no. I just thought I'd ask. You're my friend, and you're as hot as balls. But if you don't want to–"

"I do," I said, putting my hand on her arm. "I do want to. You just surprised me."

Now it was Felicia's turn to be surprised. Judging by her face, she hadn't really expected me to say yes to her indecent proposal.

"When do you want to do this?"

"Sunday–Todd's bringing Brandon again and some others. We'll watch a movie and have some drinks, and then let it go from there."

"Talk about Netflix and chill," I whispered.

Felicia burst out laughing.

"What? I'm not a nun! I know about stuff. It's just no one's ever invited me for…you know."

Felicia studied me for a moment and then smiled. "Well, now you've been invited."

I blushed and smiled. "Thank you. You're the best roommate ever."

"We'll see," she said, waggling her eyebrows at me.

"So, what constitutes a group?" I asked. I tend to analyze everything.

"I think more than three," she said, shaking her head at my analytical take on something so carnal.

I'd already whipped out my phone to research the topic. "Hmm. Threesomes, foursomes…moresomes. I'd say more than four."

She tugged the end of my ponytail affectionately. "Then we've got it covered. We'll definitely have more than four."

"Yes."

"I should have known you'd geek out over this," she said, shaking her head with a smile.

I blushed and repressed a shiver. "So, Sunday…" I said softly.

"Sunday. Be there and be shared."

Then she hurried off to class.

The day of our get-together, I had no interest in drinking booze. Everyone else was having a cocktail or wine, but I simply sipped from my water bottle.

"No adult beverages for you?" Felicia asked playfully as she came up behind me. She rested her head on my shoulder as we surveyed the room. There was her boyfriend, Todd, and his friend Brandon. They'd also brought Mark and a girl named Eva. She was pretty, with long dark hair, big blue eyes and a figure like a beauty queen.

"Nope. I'd rather get drunk on the experience."

"Just when I think you're nothing but a science geek, you say something that makes you sound like a poet."

I shrugged. "Just being honest."

Todd got things started by kissing Eva, and that kiss led to fondling before too long. His hands slid along her curves and

LETTERS

↘ CLUSTERFUCK

"I ACTED ON INSTINCT. MY TONGUE TOUCHED HER CLIT AS MARK SLID INTO MY CUNT."

up over her full breasts. I could see her nipples spiking through her shirt. Todd pushed his hands into her pants, and I watched his fingers go right to the crux of her thighs. When she arched against his hand, I guessed that he'd breached her cunt with a finger.

"How does watching that make you feel?" Mark whispered to me. His breath was warm on my neck, and I shivered.

I reached over and found his wrist, tugging his arm around my waist as I said, "Horny."

Mark was tall and handsome in a corn-fed, farm-boy way. His eyes were big and green, and he had an easy smile.

He slid behind me, embracing me with both arms and letting out a little groan as he pressed himself against me. His stiff cock rode the cleft of my ass through my skimpy clothes.

Then Felicia came in front of me to kiss me. Her lips tasted like wine, but I forgot all about that when her fingers started tracing my hard nipples through my tank top. I gasped when she pinched those points of flesh, and Mark took that moment to lift my skirt and slide my panties down.

Mark's fingers slid between my thighs, and he pushed the two digits inside my pussy. I shut my eyes and savored the moment, moaning against Felicia's lips. She hiked my shirt up and tugged my bra down. Her mouth closed over one of my nipples, and she sucked rhythmically.

The three of us moved to the floor, sinking as a single unit. And then Mark fucked me with his thick fingers until I was pushing back, begging him with my body to take me.

I eased Felicia onto her back, and she parted her thighs. She was wet and ready. I'd never gone down on a woman, but I acted on instinct. My tongue touched her clit just as Mark slid into my cunt.

He grabbed my hips and rocked into me. I moaned as I lapped at Felicia. Her fingers curled in my hair, and she held my head to her slit. Keeping up the action of my tongue, I pushed my fingers deep inside her and curled them, massaging her deep inside. She came with a shout that startled me.

Mark reached beneath me to stroke my clit as he drove into me. Felicia sat up, kissed my slick lips and pinched my aching nipples.

The next person to come was me.

I was loud when I climaxed, catching Todd's attention. He stooped down and caressed my cheek. "My turn, I think. Will you share, guys?"

"You three have fun," said Felicia. "I'm going to get to know Brandon a little better. He's really hot."

"He's on the sofa. Eva was sucking his dick, but she'd love some company."

Mark pulled free of my pussy, and Todd sank down in front of me. He pulled my top and bra off completely before dropping them on the floor and helping me shimmy out of my skirt. Then I was entirely naked and staring at two handsome men. My pussy thumped in time with my heart.

The two of them stroked my body, and I shamelessly pressed against their moving hands like a cat. Todd eased onto his back on the floor and patted his leg near his raging erection.

"Climb on, cowgirl. Face Mark. He's got something for that pretty mouth."

I glanced toward the sofa to see Felicia hovering over Brandon's face while Eva continued to suck his hard dick. A rush of warmth and arousal coursed through me, and I felt my pussy grow wetter still.

I sank down on Todd's cock, going slow and savoring every millimeter that penetrated me. When I was fully seated, I felt the tip of his dick nudging my G-spot. I rocked against him, not moving up and down but grinding on him to take my pleasure. His big hands held my hips and yanked me down, increasing the beautiful friction that was taking me higher.

I moaned, enjoying the sensations coursing through me and watching the three lovers on the sofa. Brandon had pushed two fingers into Felicia's cunt, and Eva had straddled him to feverishly ride his big cock. It was really sexy.

Todd wet a finger in his mouth and then pushed it into my ass, making me gasp. I hadn't expected that, but being full in both places really did it for me. I felt those irresistible flutters of ecstasy that always precede a tremendous orgasm.

Then Mark blocked my view in the best way possible by stepping in front of me to brush his cock against my lower lip. He slid the tip into my mouth, and I sighed before stroking his smooth cockhead with my tongue. His soft skin was like silk. Mark groaned as he fisted my hair tightly.

"Oh, that's it. Suck it. Suck me. Put it in your mouth. I want to come in your mouth…"

He continued to babble filthy words, and my eyes drifted shut as I let myself get lost in the salty silkiness of him on my tongue and the fullness of Todd's dick and his finger in my pussy and ass.

I rocked harder, my body instinctively moving in time with my own needs. Every thrust of his cock knocked my G-spot. My cunt grew impossibly tight, squeezing him like a vise and stealing my breath. It was difficult to focus on anything but the sensations I was feeling.

I heard Felicia cry out, and a second later the sweet sounds of pretty Eva chimed in. I pulled free of Mark's cock for a moment to peer around him. I looked just in time to see the ladies switch places. Eva lowered herself onto Brandon's tongue as Felicia impaled herself on his hard rod.

Mark grabbed my hair and sank his cock back into my mouth, making me shiver.

"Your cunt's getting tighter," Todd whisper hoarsely. "So fucking tight. So fucking wet. Take that cock. Take that cock in that little tight pussy."

Every dirty word seemed to make me cinch tighter around him. All the while, he continued to drive his finger in and out of my ass.

"I'm going to come…" I tried to mutter. But I had a mouthful of cock that muffled my words.

Mark must have understood the message, though, because he started nodding and fucking my face faster. He held my head, and I basically stopped moving and let him use me. At nearly the same time, he groaned and Felicia cried out. Then Eva followed as Brandon also shouted out his bliss.

"Fuck, fuck…" Todd chanted as he drove up from beneath me, fucking me hard. His finger moved in and out of my ass harder and faster as he raced toward release.

"I'm coming, I'm coming…" Mark announced as he pulled free of my mouth, his cream splashing my lower lip and chin.

I continued to rut against Todd, so close to climaxing. I watched Mark wring the last of his come from his cock. And then Eva, Brandon, Felicia and Mark were all watching me and Todd. All those eyes, the warm smell of sex in the room, the sighs and the cries all combined to stoke my lust. I rocked harder against Todd, who now used both hands to grip my hips tightly as he jammed his dick into me harder and faster.

"Come. Come for me," he whispered as my pleasure soared, and then I was climaxing. My pussy flexed and spasmed around him as he groaned. When the final shudder passed, he tipped me off of him. I let out a little cry but didn't have time to say anything else.

Todd moved behind me, hiked my ass up and held my hips as he drove into me roughly. He fucked me hard, his balls wildly slapping against me as he rutted. I reached between my thighs to finger my clit, met all those watching eyes and managed to rub out another orgasm as he came. Seconds later, he pulled out of me and I felt the warm splash of his seed on my lower back.

Then there was just a lot of heavy breathing.

I looked up at Felicia and smiled before asking, "Can I have that drink now?"

–S.M., via email

Ever been to an orgy? A cocktail party that tumbled into a group grope? A neighborly relaxation in a hot tub that bubbled into a torrid scene? If you've been involved in any sexual scenario resembling team sports, why not share it with your fellow readers? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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EROTICA

HOT FOR TUTOR

Wendy learns important lessons in lust from her handsome instructor.

By Bella Franklin

"Are you starting to understand what the professor meant?"

I nodded while trying not to stare at Sam too obviously. He'd been helping me as my tutor with my English Lit assignments for a few weeks. I had understood all his points and lessons fairly quickly, but I'd continued coming to the sessions because they were free and Sam was hot. I attended a school where the student body is 3:1 female to male, so finding a good-looking, straight guy who's unattached was a miracle.

I sat there, waiting for Sam to continue. For two weeks I'd been fantasizing about his hand landing on my thigh beneath the table in the library's study room. It hadn't happened, but God knows I'd imagined it about a trillion times.

"Wendy?"

I blinked. "What? Oh, yeah. I'm getting it. Thanks to you."

I noticed his gaze had landed on my mouth, and I sighed.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

I shook my head and looked at my meager notes. They were meager because I didn't need to take notes—because I didn't need to be tutored. What I needed was to get laid.

"Nothing's wrong."

I just want you to fuck me…

I just want to fuck you…

Until you cry…

A burble of laughter burst out of me, and he frowned. That caused me to laugh even harder. "Sorry. Guess I'm getting punchy. Too much studying."

He cocked an eyebrow. "You probably already know I work at the inn."

I nodded. I knew he worked at the tiny historic inn that was right off campus and featured a fancy restaurant and bar. I also knew he preferred iced tea over soda, which brand of jeans he wore, and that if his hair got even a tad too long it curled at the nape of his neck and drove him nuts. I could tell by the way he constantly tugged on it trying to straighten it.

"Yes," I answered in a whisper laced with breathless anticipation.

"HE LICKED ME SOFTLY UNTIL I GRABBED HIS HEAD AND THRUST UP AGAINST HIM."

"Come by for a drink tonight. Or three. Unwind a little. You're right. Too much studying and not enough fun can cramp your brain." He smiled and then leveled a finger at me. As he touched it gently to the tip of my nose I had to swallow a moan because that skin-to-skin contact traveled like a rocket straight to my pussy.

"I will. What time?"

"Whenever if you want to drink alone. But if you'd rather have a little company..." His face suddenly turned beet red. Was he asking me out? "I get off my shift at eight."

"Eight would be great."

"So I'll see you at eight."

"Eight," I repeated, feeling dumb with lust.

I went home with a bounce in my step and moisture in my panties. I'd been wanting to get Sam naked since I met him freshman year. But at the time he'd had a girlfriend. Abigail. She was as prissy and uptight as her name. She seemed like she was turning her nose up at you with every breath.

After they'd broken up, he'd been in a slump. Clearly down and not up to dating. When he'd started tutoring, and I'd actually *needed* tutoring, I jumped at the chance to get his help. But I was up to speed after our initial sessions; I'd been milking it ever since.

In my dorm room I tried to focus on some assignments I needed to get done. However, I couldn't focus on shit. My roommate was at her boyfriend's for a few days, so I passed the time by locking my door, climbing up onto my bed and shutting my eyes to think about Sam: Sam who was about 6-foot-3. Sam who had broad shoulders and a flat stomach and big, green eyes. Sam who wore faded jeans that hung just so and highlighted his lean hips and his yummy ass.

Before I knew it, my hand had crept into my leggings and then beneath my panties. I stroked my clit softly, finding it swollen and slick.

"Sam who makes you so wet he could slide into you with no effort at all," I said aloud to myself as I breached my slick channel with two fingers.

I hummed, giving my clit small flicks and strokes. I curled my fingers inside my cunt and found that sweet spot

begging to be nudged.

I pictured Sam's sandy blond hair falling in his eyes when he lowered his head to lick my pussy. I imagined his perfect pink lips on my clit and then his warm, wet tongue parting my folds.

I fucked myself with my fingers, pushing them in deep and curling the tips. I brushed that soft suede patch of my G-spot over and over until the friction and pressure became unbearable. The circles I drew on my clitoris became bolder and harder, and I let myself go, exploding in an orgasm fueled entirely by imagination and hope.

Hope for the evening ahead.

I still had mega time to burn and zero attention span, so I took a quick run and tackled my mountain of dirty laundry. By the time I was done with my chores, it was time to go and I was a bit calmer from sheer exhaustion.

"There you are," Sam said as soon as he saw me.

He dropped onto the stool across from mine. He had two pint glasses with the inn's logo on them.

"Here I am." I winced. I'm usually much better at talking than I seemed to be doing with Sam.

"I got you a tap beer. Lager. I thought that'd be okay."

"Fine!" I chirped. Then proceeded to down half of the brew.

"Thirsty?"

"Nervous." Damn. Why had I said that?

"Nervous?" His brown eyes grew wide, and he laughed.

"Why is that funny?" Then I burped. Oh, this just kept getting better and better.

"Because I've been nervous all night. I've managed to screw up every order I took. And I dropped a tray of drinks on a customer."

I gasped.

"Good thing it was a regular who thought it was hysterical," he said.

"Why are you nervous?"

He studied me for moment and then cocked his head. "The truth?"

"Of course." My heart pounded so hard and so fast I grew a little light-headed.

"I've been trying to figure out how to ask you out since I started tutoring you."

"You have?"

"And I can see you don't need me anymore—you have it all down. You know your stuff—so I had to make my move."

I leaned in. "I've been waiting. For… ages." Beneath the table I took his hand and drew it over to my thigh. "*This* has been *my* number-one fantasy for weeks." Then I laughed.

His face remained serious, though. Then he pushed his hand higher up on my thigh, moving it slowly—maddeningly so—until his fingertips barely brushed the "Y" of my sex.

"This has been my number-one fantasy for weeks."

I was having trouble drawing air because his fingertips were touching my pussy and I could feel the heat of him baking into my leg. I opened my mouth, shut it, and then opened it again. A good impression of a fish but not the best form of communication. I had no idea what to say.

Sam solved that by cupping the back of my head and drawing me in for a kiss. His tongue was hot and insistent as he frenched me, and I melted into the moment, kissing him back desperately.

A few catcalls sounded and then some wolf whistles. He groaned against my mouth and then buried his face at the crook of my neck, laughing.

"We should have gone somewhere else," he said.

I looked at the bar clock. "In ten minutes this and the library will be the only things open," I noted.

He pulled back, glanced around, and then whispered to me. "How brave are you?"

"I…um…it depends," I blurted out. It was true.

"If I take you upstairs to the closed wing so we can…be alone. Would you be okay? My roommate's in our room."

"My roommate isn't around, but my walls are tissue-thin, and the girls next door are nosey as shit."

"Up for an adventure?" He held out his hand, studying me.

I took it. What the hell. I'd wanted to feel his skin against my skin for a very long time. A little bravery and some excitement were good for the soul.

So was a good fuck.

He led me up the steps to the inn's main floor. Sam left me by a big coat rack used when they had a large amount of guests at catered events.

"Just give me a minute to make sure the coast is clear."

He ran up some back steps meant for servants back in the day. I twisted the hem of my tee around my finger over and over again as I awaited his return. I was nervous, but the nervousness, along with the kiss and the confession of attraction, all served to make my pussy wet and impossibly sensitive. If he even flicked my clit with his tongue once, I thought I'd go off like a rocket.

Just then he bounded back into view, smiling. "It's clear. Come on, Wendy. Let me show you the original section of the upper floor."

I followed along, clutching his hand and chewing my lower lip. Every heartbeat sounded in my pussy, and I ached to be fucked. I wanted him so badly, and it was a thrill to know he wanted me, too.

The area was blocked off by velvet ropes and a sign that read "UNDER CONSTRUCTION." He led me down the dark corridor past multiple doors that were closed. Each one seemed to have a little nook or cranny around it.

He headed toward one of the doors, and I pointed down the hall as I whispered, "What's that?"

Sam looked. "That is a big-ass old sofa that's been here forever."

I wandered toward it and sat down. I could tell from the silvery streetlight shining in the window that the sofa was upholstered in oxblood leather. It was enormous. Much bigger than any modern sofa I'd ever seen. The window above it was old, clear glass with a single stained-glass panel in the middle.

He sat next to me and waved at the wall opposite us. I followed his gaze and saw an enormous antique mirror.

Our reflections were dim and lit only with the ghostly light from outside.

"That's a hell of a mirror."

He turned and kissed me, drawing me close to him and wrapping his strong arm tightly around my waist.

"HE CONTINUED TO TONGUE ME UNTIL I RODE OUT THE FINAL WAVE OF MY PLEASURE."

"Which room do you want?" he murmured against my lips.

"No room," I whispered in his ear, sliding my hand down his belly and into his pants. I found his cock—as hard as a rock and slick at the tip—and squeezed it firmly. "I want you right here."

The hallway was a bunch of twists and turns from the main stairs. I felt okay doing it out in the open that way.

"This place is as creaky as fuck. We'll hear anyone coming a mile away. And until morning when the workmen start, no one comes up here anyway."

He splayed his hand against my chest and nudged me back. I went willingly. Then he moved to cover me with his body. He kissed me and said against my neck, "I've been thinking about this a long time."

I pushed my hips up, begging him with my body to touch me. He did, sliding his fingers beneath the waistband of my jeans and running them along my skin. I trembled at his touch, and when he popped the button and yanked my pants down, I thought I'd die.

"You're so fucking pretty," he said. I shook my head, but he nodded. "Yes, you are."

He slid off the sofa onto his knees and arranged me so he could push his mouth to the front of my panties. His breath was hot, and I moaned because it only added to the heat and moisture growing in my pussy. He inhaled deeply, groaned, and dragged his tongue along where my outer lips pushed against the fabric. He

EROTICA

managed to find my clit and brushed his tongue against the cotton so I could feel the beautiful friction even through the fabric.

"Jesus. Please take them off," I said on a harsh breath.

Sam laughed softly and removed my undies. Then his mouth sealed to my naked pussy and his tongue nudged my clit. He licked me softly until I grabbed his head and thrust up against him. He grew bolder then. I felt the ridge of his teeth against my tender flesh as he ate me. He suckled my clit, pulling on it and then using the tip of his tongue to tickle it.

I came like a shot, throwing my forearm over my mouth to stifle the sound of my cries. My hips bucked, but Sam held me down against the well-worn leather. He continued to tongue me until I rode out the final wave of my pleasure.

"That was so fast it was no fun. I need to work for it. Give me one I've earned, Wendy." His voice was gravelly and sinful.

He held my hips firmly and began to lap at me again. For minutes on end, he circled my clit without touching it, licking a hot ring all around my pulsing button. Sam slipped a thick finger inside me, fucked me slowly with it, and then finally—blissfully—brought his tongue to my clit. He flicked it before painting circle upon circle directly on that tender skin until I cried out, coming hard.

"HE SLID INTO ME ON ONE FAST, SMOOTH THRUST, AND PLEASURE WASHED OVER ME."

"There we go. That's what I wanted."

Sam had lost his shyness. He covered my body with his, self-assured and turned on. He'd taken his jeans and boxers off and held his hard cock in his hand. He pressed his erection to my lips, and I parted them to take him inside as he pushed forward. He slid over my tongue, soft and salty, and stopped when he neared my throat. He stared down at me with those dark eyes, half his face painted with stark-white streetlight.

He was at the perfect angle to fuck my mouth and look down at me as I gobbled his dick, but he was too far gone to stare. As I sucked and licked, his eyes drifted shut. He held himself steady with his hands on the armrest of the sofa.

He let out a groan. "I'm dying up here."

He pulled out of my mouth, and I laughed. "Don't die."

Sam slid down my body and knocked my legs apart with his thigh before running his spit-slick cock along the drenched seam of my pussy.

"Fuck me," I groaned against his neck.

He growled and reared back to position himself. He slid into me on one fast, smooth thrust, and pleasure washed over me.

"Yes," I hissed.

"I agree," he murmured. Then he nuzzled the side of my neck and started to move his hips, rocking into me with a steady rhythm that stole my breath.

I met his thrusts with my own movements to take him as deeply as possible. His dick brushed my G-spot over and over, and my pussy grew tighter and wetter.

"I can feel you clenching. I want to feel that pussy come. Come for me, Wendy."

I held my breath. One stroke, two strokes, three strokes—and that did it. I came. I pressed my face to his shoulder, so I didn't make a sound. We couldn't risk anyone coming to investigate.

He pulled out of me and slid his hand beneath my hip. He flipped me

easily onto my belly. "Put your hands on the arm of the sofa."

I got up on my knees and did as he ordered. He pulled me back as he moved in close, sliding his dick against my slit. He drove into me, squeezing my hips with his fingers. I slammed my body back to take him.

"You're so fucking wet."

I was wet. I was *drenched*. I could feel my wetness coating the tops of my thighs. Slick and warm. He fucked me with quick, brutal thrusts. My pussy clenched around him, and my head swam with the intensity of my ecstasy. I reached down for my clit, pinching and releasing it repeatedly.

He groaned as his tempo increased. Somewhere out on the quiet main street a single car rolled past, blasting music. The thumping bass pulsed in a primal rhythm that resonated within me.

Sam leaned close, his lips coming down on the back of my neck. I continued to toy with my clit. When he bit my nape I shivered, and the sudden burst of pain pushed me over the edge. I climaxed again.

"Thatta girl," he said with a chuckle. "Hands off the armrest."

I placed my hands on the sofa cushions. He reached down and grabbed my ankles, bending my legs and lifting my feet as I balanced on my hands and knees.

Then he pressed his bulk against me so that I slowly flatted beneath him but for my imprisoned legs. I slid my arm beneath my body to stroke my clit again.

"Put your butt down."

I did as told and found myself almost lying flat, arm trapped beneath my body, legs held in his hands, while he slid in and out of me from behind. The angle was one I'd never experienced. Yet when he fucked me that way every single thrust was bliss.

"Oh," I uttered helplessly. My face was turned toward the giant mirror, and I watched the reflection of him fucking me. I saw him glance in the mirror as well, his face cracking into a smile.

"Am I hitting the right spot?" But his tone said he knew damn well he was.

I rubbed my clitoris furiously as his cockhead slammed the most tender spots inside me. "Yes," I said breathlessly—and that's about all I could manage.

My sweaty cheek was stuck to the now-warm leather, and the whole sofa creaked with the intensity of our fucking.

He continued to drive into me in quick, staccato bursts.

"I'm going to come soon, Wendy. You're so fucking tight. And I feel like I've waited a million years for this."

I nodded, not speaking but still stroking.

"Come with me. Can you?"

I could, and I would. "Yes," I growled.

With his full weight settled on me, he let go of my ankles, but I kept them up in the air for some reason. His cockhead perfectly tapped my G-spot over and over, and I came with a soft cry before I could stop myself.

He gasped and pulled out of me quickly. I felt his warm, sticky cream rain down on my lower back and my thighs.

The sound of our heavy breathing filled the hallway, and then he bent to kiss me square between the shoulder blades.

"That was wow," he said.

"Wow," I said. "Yes, yes, wow."

I was still trying to catch my breath. My pussy was hot and tender, pulsing in time to the beat of my heart.

"Stay there. I'll get you a towel." He came back a moment later and cleaned my back and thighs. Then I rolled over to kiss him.

"Want to take a walk and actually drink a whole beer?" he asked.

"I thought you'd never ask."

He grinned. "You're my hottest student."

"And I'm hot for my tutor," I said. "Have been for a long time."

"I'm slow to start," he said, tweaking my nipple roughly. I groaned. "But once I go for what I want, there's no slowing me down."

I cocked an eyebrow.

"I'm counting on it."

LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

OFF-CAMPUS ORGY

A group of college students learns all the right moves when they indulge in their lust for each other.

By Parker Wilson

Last summer, I was playing golf with my dad and some friends of his, and this one guy asked me, "Parker, what's college life like these days for a guy like you? One big orgy?"

"You said it," I replied. We both had a good laugh, but I was really telling the truth.

I attend a small college in the Northeast. I'll be a junior this fall. During my first two years I lived on the third floor of a dormitory that has a reputation for being the biggest hook-up spot on campus. Though I didn't know that at first when I arrived as a freshman, I soon found out how depraved my classmates could be.

Tons of sexual stuff went on in the dorm. It was impossible to ignore. The apartments have thin walls, so you'd always hear moans, groans, squeaks and even squishes while trying to study or sleep. I'd put headphones on to block it all out. But my roommate, Brady? At first he'd go mad, stricken with a severe case of blue balls. Later, though, he got to know these three wild girls up on the fourth floor, and eventually he started messing around with two of them, usually separately but sometimes together.

Brady and I were good as roommates, though he's more of an extrovert than I am. Back at the end of freshman year he'd told me he'd found some off-campus housing for us for the coming year. That sounded great, but the deal fell through. So we signed up for an apartment in the same dorm again for our sophomore year. I actually thought Brady was happy to be returning. He and those girls from the fourth floor had had a sweet thing. But then he found out one of them had transferred to another school, and the other would be living off campus.

The dorm building's floor plan consists of a group of suites. Between each two-person apartment is a bathroom used by four students. As freshmen, Brady and I had hung out quite a lot with the guys in the other apartment. But, like Brady's party girls upstairs, those guys didn't return to the dorm for sophomore year. When Brady and I arrived that September, we assumed we'd have two new suitemates. However, only one guy showed up: a kid named Sam who was short, skinny and a serious student. He was friendly enough but seemed as timid as shit. We didn't interact with him much. Though we definitely were envious he had a whole apartment to himself.

"HER WET PUSSY SMELLED LIKE MUSKY PERFUME AS I PRESSED MY FACE INTO IT."

It didn't take long to discover that our dorm was as sex-stuffed as it had been our first year. Some of those new freshman girls were fine. Right away, the moans resumed.

Brady and I befriended two girls on our floor, transfer students named Joy and Amethyst. Joy is a busty young woman with long blonde hair (dyed partly pink), a sort of pouty face and bodacious tits. She could be the poster child for the Sex Positive movement. When we first met her, she was wearing short-shorts and a pink T-shirt with black lettering that read: "No Slut-Shaming Allowed" across her ginormous breasts.

"No worries," Brady told her, indicating the legend on the T-shirt. "We don't shame sluts here. We *honor* them."

"Honor?" said Joy. "I won't take anything less than *worship*."

And so began a friendly, flirtatious feud between Brady and Joy. She was one of those girls who couldn't stop talking about sex in general and about her own sex life in particular. Brady egged her on.

Amethyst is a fit, curvaceous black woman with a plump, firm ass and gorgeous breasts with nipples that announce themselves to the world no matter what she wears. The moment I saw her, I knew she was the girl of my wet dreams. She wasn't as chatty about her sex life as Joy was, but she was no prude.

However, there was a problem. An unwritten rule exists at our dorm, which I later learned is in effect at many colleges: While it's acceptable to hook up with people from other dorms or with people from other floors of your own dorm, it's considered bad form to do the deed with people from your own floor. I guess it's considered incestuous or something. It seemed completely arbitrary and a little silly to me, but people took it seriously.

Joy and Amethyst observed "the rule," although I think they inwardly resented it.

"Brady, you and Parker can come by our room to shoot the shit," Joy said, "but you won't be taking your peckers out for a stroll. Know what I'm saying?"

This, of course, made Brady even more desperate to get into Joy's pants. But for some reason he, too, dutifully observed the "same floor" restriction and didn't push the issue.

So we suffered. There was always

masturbation, but with all that succulent flesh around, it seemed a shame to waste energy on a wank. One afternoon, though, Joy and Amethyst confessed that they sometimes pleasured themselves together in their apartment.

"Not fair," said Brady. "That's breaking the same-floor rule."

"Masturbation doesn't count," Joy said, as if she were the grand arbiter. "Besides, Amethyst and I have been doing ourselves together since long before we knew *you*."

On hearing that bit of news. my already chubbed peen grew to a full erection in record time. I'm sure Brady had the same predicament.

"It still doesn't seem fair," he said.

"You and Parker are perfectly free to jerk off together in your own room," said Joy.

"By that logic," I said, "the *four* of us should be able to just—you know—jerk and tweak together."

"Well, that's sort of a gray area," Joy said. "I'll be happy to take it up with the R.A. at our next floor meeting."

She was so matter-of-fact that I thought she might be serious. As a cocktease, Joy definitely has finesse.

September turned to October. Classes got more intense as midterms approached. More people sought (and found) relief from stress through hooking up. But things were sad for our little quartet. Brady flirted relentlessly with this very cute freshman girl from the second floor, but it came to nothing.

Amethyst and I were in the same World History class, so we spent some time studying together. Besides being a hottie, she was a hella cool girl. She saw me checking out her tits, but she didn't call me on it.

Meanwhile, Brady was struggling with his Spanish course. He learned that

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↘ SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

Sam, our dorky little suitemate from the other side of the bathroom, had been an exchange student in Chile while in high school and was fluent in the language. The two of them began studying together. Soon, Brady was calling Sammy "*mi hombre*!"

"Always be kind to nerds," he told me. "It pays off in the long run."

Brady had the look and the build of a jock, so he could sort of get away with saying shit like that. Part of me, though, thought he was a bit nerdy himself. I suspected he was self-conscious about his penis size. I'd never seen his erect dick, but I'd seen it flaccid in the bathroom one time. It wasn't exactly a micro-penis, but I hoped for his sake he was a "grower." Those girls from freshman year had stuck with him, so I guess he had something going on.

One night, very late, I was in the dorm's basement in the laundry room. It's a pretty nice facility, but there are problems sometimes. Residents go down there to drink or fuck around. Sometimes drunk kids piss or puke on the floor. Burt, our R.A., said that when he was a sophomore, two female students were discovered by the janitor one afternoon, each

"JOY TRIED MIGHTILY, BUT SHE COULDN'T COME CLOSE TO DEEP-THROATING HIS ROD."

naked from the waist down, sitting atop washing machines during the spin cycle, masturbating furiously. (I put that image in my spank bank.)

I was folding clothes at a big table set apart from the machines when who emerged from the elevator but Amethyst. She was dressed similarly to me, in T-shirt and sweatpants. She held an empty laundry basket.

"I thought you'd be down here," she murmured. She put her basket on the table.

"Stalking me, huh?" I asked.

"Maybe." She walked up to me and ran her index fingertips lightly along my bare arms, all the way down to my wrists. She held my hands in hers, her nails grazing my palms. To say I was shocked would be an understatement, but I was definitely not displeased with this development.

"You want to make out?" she asked.

"We live on the same floor," I reminded her.

"Well, shit, we're not on that floor now." Her face was inches from mine. "Besides, making out isn't sex, is it?"

"It's in the vicinity," I told her.

"Shut up."

We kissed tenderly—almost chastely—for several seconds. Soon our tongues slipped into each other's mouth and began thrashing about.

Then she was cupping my balls. I broke away from her. "What if someone finds us?"

"We'll hear the elevator. Or any footsteps on the stairs." She put her hands under my T-shirt and began teasing my nipples and tugging on my chest hair. My hands reached under her shirt, allowing my fingertips to savor the silkiness of her bare midriff. Then they moved up to cup her firm, warm breasts, my thumbs toying with her erect nipples. Again, our tongues dueled once again.

This went on for a minute or so. I was now, of course, duly aroused, my boner making a teepee in my sweatpants. Amethyst yanked my sweats to my ankles, unleashing my prick. She got on her knees and licked along the underside of my cock. I pulled her up to her feet and then knelt on the floor. I pulled her sweats and panties down and pressed my mouth to her moist, tidily trimmed pussy. My tongue found her hard clit, and she gasped.

All of a sudden there was a clank, and then a whirring sound. The elevator! We quickly pulled our clothes back on. Amethyst took her laundry basket from the table, moving it over to the row of dryers. I stood close beside the table, concealing my erection behind a newly

laundered towel. Fifteen seconds later, a girl named Olivia emerged from the elevator. She lived on the second floor, and I knew her a little. She said hello and then quickly scooped up her clothes from one of the dryers.

"Close call," I said, when she'd gone.

"Too close," said Amethyst. "It just won't work down here. My fault."

"You made me so hot," I told her.

"I know but…not tonight. Okay?" She picked up the empty laundry basket and started for the elevator.

"What about your laundry?"

"There is no laundry," she said. "You were right. I *was* stalking you."

The first weekend in November I was invited by Brady to join him and his dad at an Eagles game in Philadelphia. It was an early birthday gift for Brady, who took me as his guest.

Brady's dad picked us up at the dorm on Friday after classes, and we headed out toward Philly. We'd barely left campus when Brady realized he'd left notes for his Spanish class back at the dorm. He'd been going over verb conjugations with Sam earlier that day. We turned the car around. Brady was still struggling in the class and was determined to spend some time studying, even during a vacation. Brady's full of surprises.

His dad and I waited in the car while Brady went to get his shit. When he returned, 10 minutes later, he turned around to face me from the front seat and mouthed the word "unbelievable!" He clearly didn't want to say anything in front of his dad.

A couple hours later we stopped at a restaurant along the freeway. When his dad was in the john, Brady told me everything.

He'd realized he'd left his Spanish stuff in Sam's apartment, where they'd been studying. He knocked on the door that led from the communal bathroom to Sam's place. No answer. He pushed open the door and found Sam, wearing headphones and nothing else. Porn was

playing on his computer. (Kinky stuff. People tying each other up.) Clearly, Sam hadn't heard Brady's knocking because of the groans coming through his headphones.

"He was spanking it like a champ," Brady told me. "And for some reason, instead of covering himself, he stood up. Dude, I never saw anything like it. Huge. No, make that YUGE!"

"What did you do?"

"I was kind of speechless. Kid's face was bright red, of course. He finally put his T-shirt over his dick. I said, 'You've been holdin' out on us, man.' I told him not to worry, that everybody does it. But then I said, 'But you're wasting that piece of equipment, Sammy. I know a ton of girls who'd like to have a crack at that thing.'"

Just as he'd said—unbelievable.

Our Philly weekend turned out great. Fantastic food. The Eagles were unbeatable. And at the end of the trip Brady's dad gave him a $400 check as an additional birthday gift! Pretty cool dad—definitely more generous than my cheap parents. Meanwhile, Brady studied for the test just as Sam had tutored him: a little in the morning, a little at night.

A day or two later, Brady and I were bullshitting with Joy and Amethyst in their apartment. Joy, as usual, was telling a sex anecdote from her past. This one was about how she and a girlfriend of hers

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had seduced a virginal guy from their high-school track team. "Imagine, she said. "Guy gets his cherry popped, and it's with *two* girls. And I'm one of them!"

Somehow, that story led to Brady telling the girls about discovering what a mega-dick Sam had.

"That nerdy kid?" said Joy. "You're shitting us."

"Nope," said Brady. "I bet you've never seen one that big before, though I know you've seen plenty. You wouldn't believe it if you saw it."

"Try me," said Joy.

"I've been trying to try you for the last three months,"

"I want to see it with my own eyes," she said.

After we left their room, Brady and I had a talk. He said he wanted to fuck Joy so much that he'd do anything to make it happen. "You want to get with Amethyst, too, don't you?"

I must have hesitated a second. His eyes locked on mine. Then hell broke loose: "Damn, Parker, you *did* her!"

"ALL FIVE OF US FUCKED WITH ABANDON AND CAME AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME."

I confessed to him about the interrupted oral stuff in the basement. He was furious that I hadn't told him before. "You two live on the same floor. That's against the rule," he said, despite the fact that he'd just revealed his own intent to nail Joy.

It was my turn to snap.

"That rule sucks—and you know it. It's just an excuse for you and Joy because you're too afraid to go for it."

Eventually, Brady conceded that the rule was indeed idiotic. We agreed there was no reason all four of us couldn't fuck one another—so long as we did it somewhere besides the dorm. Soon we had a plan.

It was Saturday night at the end of Thanksgiving-week break. The five of us found ourselves at a fairly decent motel close to campus—one mostly used by parents when they visit their college kids. Brady had agreed to use his birthday check to lease an "orgy pad" for the five of us, if we'd all agree to come back to the campus a day early. Yes—*five* of us: Joy, Amethyst, Brady, myself—and Sam.

I don't know how Brady convinced Sam. He'd obviously told him about Joy's interest in his gargantuan dong. I thought the kid would never do something like this, but, as the cliché goes, sometimes the quiet ones are the biggest horny toads.

We had plenty of beer and hard liquor, condoms, lube and other amenities. We were strangely nervous when we got to the room. We drank and chatted awkwardly, as if we'd all just met. We put on some music and bopped around for a few minutes. Then Joy said, "Who the fuck are we kidding?" She put down her vodka-and-tonic and began unbuttoning her blouse. "Let's get naked," she said.

We didn't need coaxing. We all stripped—strewing our clothes on the floor between the beds.

Joy's breasts were something to behold: plump, creamy and with big pink areolas. Brady, naked except for his shorts, pulled her to one of the beds and began kissing and licking her superb tits.

Or, at least, I guessed that's what was happening. I had too much going on with Amethyst on the other bed to say for sure. We'd pulled back the covers, and I'd stretched out beside her. We kissed feverishly. My dick was fully stiff; its tender tip grazed her satin-smooth thigh.

Christ, she turned me on! Soon we went for each other in the 69 position. Her wet pussy smelled like musky perfume as I pressed my face into it. Meanwhile, she began kissing and licking my eager cock. Remembering the interrupted session back in the laundry room, I was thankful no clanking elevator would spoil the fun this time.

Commotion erupted on the other bed. "Eat my cunt, Brady," Joy was teasing. "Show me what you got."

"Eat it? I'm going to worship it. That's what you wanted, right?"

Joy gasped loudly as Brady went to town with his tongue. He clearly knew what he was doing. I guess those girls he'd hung with freshman year had taught him a thing or two. Joy made throaty, ecstatic sounds. Amethyst and I paused at one point to watch the show. Joy sat back at the head of the bed with her legs open. Brady, still in his boxers, lay on his stomach in front of her, lapping at her like a dog drinking from a puddle. After a few seconds I resumed my own efforts at cunnilingus while Amethyst tortured the tip of my stiff penis, her tongue sadistically flicking the slit in my crown.

Joy's moans reached a crescendo. She erupted with a shudder that seemed to shake the whole bed. Afterward, she broke into a fit of laughter and a few hiccups. Then she gasped.

"Sammy! What happened to poor Sammy?"

"Oh, I'm here," said a reedy but surprisingly confident voice.

"Oh. My. God." Joy sounded as though she'd stepped onto the face of another planet.

Sam was sitting naked on a chair beside a small desk. His skinny torso was pale and mostly hairless. Sprouting from between his legs and stretching beyond his navel was a stiff uncut dick of shocking size—thick and veiny. A dollop of pre-come hung from the tip.

The rest of us gawked in awe for a few moments, but Sammy didn't seem to mind. Joy pulled Amethyst over toward him. The two girls touched the specimen gingerly, as if it were a python with deadly fangs.

"You don't have to be so careful," Sam said. "You can suck it, too."

"Or *can* I?" responded Joy. She put her lips around the big fleshy helmet while Amethyst licked along the ropy shaft. Sam began emitting the sounds of some unidentified feral creature. Joy tried mightily, but she couldn't come close to deep-throating his rod.

Brady and I jacked off as we watched. Brady had finally lost his boxers. Yes, his boner was indeed small, though any boner would look small compared with Sam's. Still, Brady had proved himself as a master of cunnilingus, so I guess he felt more confident.

Coming up for air, Joy said. "Sammy, if there's a condom big enough for that thing, put it on and fuck me silly. Brady, you can take my ass."

Amethyst and I watched as the DP got underway. Sam lay on his back as, slowly and carefully, Joy faced him and let her moist vagina swallow his erection. She groaned as she sat down on the whole length. Once he and Joy had found a rhythm, Brady eased his cock into her rectum.

On the other bed, I began fucking Amethyst missionary-style. Her pussy was tighter and wetter than I'd fantasized all those horny weeks.

All five of us fucked with abandon and came at about the same time. We sighed in relief and began to giggle. My spent dick remained in Amethyst's cunt, while Brady and Sam's were still filling Joy to capacity. We lay there for a minute or so in satisfied silence.

"*Mucho gusto*," said Brady finally.

Sam snorted with laughter. "*Mucho gusto*" apparently had some special meaning to our two Spanish scholars.

"*Muy bien*," Sam replied.

Then Joy piped up.

"*Otra vez, por favor*," she said, which I later learned means "again, please."

The rest of us were amazed. I mean, we'd all known Joy had bisexual tendencies, but who the hell knew she was also bilingual?

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

A visiting professor can't help sampling the local student body.

Last year I worked as a visiting professor at a foreign university. As part of my position, I was assigned my own student research assistant. It should go without saying that having sex with one's assistant was a definite no-no.

But Katrina was my Kryptonite. She had sharp, perfectly sculpted cheekbones, sparkling blue eyes, and bubble-gum pink lips that curved into a perfect Cupid's bow that begged to be kissed. She was gorgeous—lithe and delicate with curves in all the right places.

As hard as I tried to keep my thoughts about Katrina innocent and pure, sex seemed inevitable. Every conversation featured a subtle undercurrent of flirtation. It was a dangerous tightrope we both seemed determined to walk.

Our first hookup was in my office. We were going over a survey that had to be conducted for a quarterly report about my research project's progress. Really tedious stuff that kept us holed up in the room for hours.

When I finally glanced at the clock, I was shocked to see that five hours had passed since we'd first sat down. We were both in desperate need of a break. My shoulders were stiff with tension. I stood and rolled my head from side to side to ease the ache.

Katrina tutted behind me. "Moving your head will not soothe sore muscles," she scolded. She gestured to my chair. "Sit."

I settled in the seat again, and her cool, deft fingertips immediately settled on either side of my neck. She circled over the knots in my muscles, applying the perfect amount of pressure. I groaned when she hit a particularly sore spot, grateful for her efforts.

As the tension left my neck, Katrina's hands began to wander south. She skimmed along my torso, pausing to fan her fingers over my pecs before continuing her descent to my crotch. The moment her fingers landed on the zipper of my pants, we were at the point of no return. She didn't fumble one bit. Nope, those agile fingertips easily slid down my zipper and popped the button at my waistband.

Katrina slipped her hands beneath my pants, and I lifted my hips slightly to aid her efforts as she pushed my slacks and boxers down to my knees. She knelt at my feet, angling that sweet face of hers so she could look up into my eyes.

"I GRIPPED HER HEAD AS SHE PARTED HER FULL LIPS AND ENVELOPED MY DICK."

"I've wanted this for a long time," she whispered.

As she yanked my pants and underwear down farther, I toed off my loafers and then kicked away my clothing.

Sitting there in a rumpled, button-down shirt, I was speechless as one of Katrina's hands slipped between my legs to cup my balls while the other embraced my erection. Her reverent touch promised endless pleasure, and I was eager to forget about rules and propriety in favor of just feeling.

As her silken tongue slid along the underside of my dick, I released a strangled breath from between my clenched teeth. The sensation was the sweetest torture, like a sizzling shock to the groin—jarring and approaching painful, yet my body responded with a yearning hunger for more.

Pre-come glistened at the tip of my cock, and Katrina flicked her tongue across the head to collect that bead of moisture. She purred her approval, and then swiped her tongue over my dick again. Every lick sent a jolt of pleasure to my balls.

I groaned and gripped the sides of her head as she parted her full lips and enveloped my dick. Logic and lust were at war in my brain. I wanted to hold her head and just pump my cock into her, taking that pretty little mouth for all it was worth. At the same time her angelic face appeared so fragile, so delicate; I hesitated to unleash the full force of my desire.

I should have known she was anything but fragile. As Katrina continued to suck my dick, her little mews of amusement vibrated against my flesh, ratcheting up my arousal to previously unrealized heights. Every ounce of blood in my body rushed straight to my erection. Her mouth was working magic on me as my needs grew more acute.

Suddenly, Katrina changed her rhythm. After a few strokes, I realized she was sucking in time to the pulse of my dick. The thought that she could feel the strength of my desire right against her tongue nearly sent me over the edge right there. Only the selfish need to remain in her mouth for as long as possible held me back.

Then her fingertips tickled beneath my balls, and all illusions of self-control

went out the window. The sensations were not unlike having a live wire plugged into my body. Every nerve seemed to sizzle as electric shocks of excruciating pleasure rocked me.

Even as my hips bucked wildly, Katrina continued to lick and suck, and when hot come surged from my dick, her lips clamped around me tighter. She continued to bob her head rhythmically as she swallowed my cream.

Afterward, she delicately dabbed her fingertips against her lips to remove any excess droplets of come. As if for extra insurance, she slid her tongue along them, too, emitting soft sounds of satisfaction before rising to her feet and walking behind me.

Katrina's hands smoothed over my shoulders, pausing to rub out another knot. "There, nice and relaxed," she purred. "Now we can get back to work."

For someone who had just sucked me off like a porn star, Katrina was amazingly calm and collected. I turned to stare at her for a moment, dumbfounded as I desperately tried to find something smart and sophisticated to say. But my mind was blank—so much for being a loquacious scholar.

Though words failed me, I was overwhelmed by the desire to taste her pussy. Still, something inside me encouraged me to hold back. I regained my control, and we got back to work. Still, in the back of my mind, I began to contemplate what my next move would be in this dangerous game we were playing.

The following evening we had to attend a fundraising dinner for the university. We both had important roles to play. She was the beguiling young scholar whose job was to charm benefactors into donating to the scholarship fund, and I was to dazzle donors with my research.

You'd think that with such an important task at hand my libido would take a backseat. But there was no way. Now that I knew what Katrina's mouth felt like on my dick, I was desperate for more.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

By some stroke of fate, Katrina and I wound up seated at the same table. A stodgy European man who oozed old money sat to my left and Katrina's delectable ass was parked to my right.

I did my best to engage the wealthy guests at our table, but all I could think about was what kind of panties Katrina wore beneath her tight dress—if any. The white, nearly see-through garment definitely didn't allow for bold colors, and when I scoped her ass earlier there were no pantylines in sight. That left two possibilities: a pale, delicate thong or nothing at all.

My mouth watered as I considered both possibilities. Thongs always make a woman look sexy. They conjure up all sorts of kinky images in my mind. I could push the tiny triangle of material to the side, moving it just enough to take a taste of her slit. Or I could snap the thin elastic waistband with my teeth, allowing the silky scrap of fabric between her legs to fall, leaving nothing in my way. Of course, if she was going commando, I could dive right in.

Before I could consider what I was doing, my hand slid from my side to Katrina's thigh. My fingers crept higher and higher, and I stroked the silky-smooth skin of her thighs, loving the deep red blush that bloomed on her cheeks. Her breaths had grown more shallow, each little burst of air making her breasts bounce.

The stodgy European said something to me. I turned to face him, easily answering his question while my fingers continued to work their magic beneath Katrina's dress.

The tips of my fingers brushed against her wet slit, and I got the answer to my question: Katrina was going commando. The only thing standing between me and that deliciously damp pussy was a table full of boring benefactors.

Katrina was trying to conduct a conversation with the woman seated to her right, but she was clearly struggling to keep her composure. Mostly, Katrina seemed to nod in agreement to whatever the woman said, tricking her neighbor into believing that she'd found a kindred spirit at the world's dullest academic dinner.

A part of me started to feel guilty for getting her so worked up in front of such influential people. I briefly considered stopping my actions, but then she slid a little lower in her seat to impale herself on my fingers. Once her wet heat closed around my digits, there was no turning back.

I twisted my wrist as much as the protective cover of the table linens would allow, knowing we needed to avoid detection. Then I crooked my fingers and pumped in and out of her. The walls of her pussy rippled around my fingers, and tension gripped me, beckoning me deeper.

Katrina's rosy-red blush spread from her cheeks down to her neck and chest. She was such a pretty picture, causing my libido to roar with impatience.

My dick strained against my slacks. Finger-fucking her under the table wasn't enough anymore. My body hummed with a wild, nagging need to get more than just my fingers inside her.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed and a hush fell over the room. The university's president had taken the stage, and from what the rest of the staff had told me earlier, this signaled the beginning of a long-winded presentation that would occupy at least the next hour.

It was exactly the interruption I needed. I slid my fingers from Katrina's crotch and squeezed her thigh to grab her attention. She angled her head toward me slightly, turning just enough to catch my nonverbal cue.

I discreetly nodded my head toward the door that led to the hall, trying to impart that I wanted us to meet outside. I quietly rose from my seat and headed out, fighting the urge to look over my shoulder to see if Katrina was following me.

Seconds after I'd crossed the threshold, a hand tapped at my shoulder. I whirled around to find Katrina, smiling.

I already knew exactly where I wanted to take her. Just above the banquet hall

"HER MOUTH WAS WORKING MAGIC ON ME AS MY NEEDS GREW MORE ACUTE."

was the school's humanities library. The study halls remained open 24 hours, but they seldom hosted any students that late in the evening.

I curled my fingers around Katrina's wrist and tugged her toward the elevator bank. Fortunately, we didn't have to wait long for the elevator to arrive. Unfortunately, it was full of underclassmen chattering about the project they intended to work on in the library.

Our unwelcome company meant I was forced to keep my hands to myself. I was smart enough to realize that a professor pawing a student wouldn't go unnoticed. So instead, I raked my eyes over every inch of Katrina's deliciously curvy body. Her breasts were perfection; the perky globes sat high on her chest, threatening to burst from the low-cut neckline of her dress at any moment. I wanted to fuck those breasts, to slide my dick between them until the tip smacked against her chin. Her ass was another thing of beauty. Full, round cheeks stretched the material of her dress to its limits.

A loud ding reminded me of where we were. The elevators opened, and I allowed the group of students to head out before us, taking advantage of their turned backs to grab a handful of Katrina's ass.

When we entered the library, I was relieved to see the group had already ambled off to a private study room. Other than those guys, the library appeared to be completely empty. There wasn't even a librarian stationed at the desk. Perfect.

I pulled Katrina away from the study rooms. We wove through the aisles until we reached the very back of the library. This is where all of the cubbies for independent study were located.

Desks lined the entire back wall. Every single one had a tall partition on either side, a design that was meant to block other students from view.

I curled my fingers around Katrina's waist and lifted her onto one of the desks. My hands ran along her thighs, coaxing them open. The slight opening of Katrina's legs gave me my first real look at her snatch. She was obviously wet. The tiny sliver of deep pink that was visible was glistening with her arousal. But that little peek at her pussy wasn't anywhere near enough to satisfy me.

My fingers gripped Katrina's knees and shoved them apart until they smacked against the desk's partitions. Now I could see what I was after. The plump lips of Katrina's labia parted to reveal her bright pink center. I ducked between her legs and took a long, languid lick from her asshole to her clit. She tasted divine, like sin, sweets and sex all rolled into one decadent package.

The sweet floral scent of her perfume mingled with her musk, flooding my senses. The more I licked, the wetter her cunt became. And the wetter she got, the more I wanted to lick. It was a vicious cycle with no end in sight.

But licking the slick slit between her legs didn't satisfying me for long. I needed more. Torn between wanting to fuck her pussy and wanting to continue to lick her, I finally split the difference and plunged my tongue into her hot, wet center.

The action earned me a low, throaty groan from Katrina. Keeping my mouth planted firmly on her pussy, I snaked my hand up her body to her face, pressing a finger against those pouty little lips. I hoped the gentle gesture would be enough to remind her that we had to keep quiet.

She got the hint, but her quiet whimpers turned me on even more. Her pussy seemed to ripple over my tongue, and her ever flowing juices soaked my face. The time had come to fuck her senseless.

I pulled away from Katrina, making her whine with disapproval.

"Don't worry," I whispered. "I'll take care of you."

My dick jumped, eager to get out of my pants and into Katrina. I broke from her to pull a condom from my pocket. After the previous day's activities, I had been sure to shove several in my pocket before leaving my apartment.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Truthfully, I was so worked up I'm surprised I didn't explode from simply rolling the rubber onto my dick. Once I was finally sheathed, I teased her wet entrance with my cockhead, swirling it around the juices pooling there until she clutched me impatiently and yanked my body tighter to hers.

"I WITHDREW MY LENGTH SLOWLY THEN DROVE INTO HER WITH ALL MY MIGHT."

When I finally plunged inside her cunt, I nearly lost consciousness. She was so tight. Her walls closed around my cock with a vise-like grip that instantly blurred the line between pain and pleasure. I slowly advanced until my pelvis was flush against hers.

Taking a fortifying breath, I stood still for a moment. Once her pussy muscles relaxed around me, I withdrew my length slowly then drove into her with all my might. The action slammed the desk on which she sat against the wall, making a loud rattling noise.

I hooked Katrina's leg over my hip and pulled her closer against me. Her ass balanced precariously at the desk's edge. I cupped an ass cheek and hauled her up against me. Then I used that leverage to piston into her like a wild man.

The new rhythm and increased speed already had my balls growing tight. It clearly affected Katrina as well. She whimpered into my neck, sucking at my flesh in an attempt to quiet her moans. I could relate; I was barely containing my own feral growls.

When Katrina's whimpers turned to loud, throaty groans, I sealed my lips over hers to swallow the sounds. As much as I enjoyed the enthusiastic noises my efforts had caused, it would be bad for both of us if the sounds of our sex echoed through the otherwise silent library.

Katrina's body began to shake under the force of her pleasure. Her thighs clamped tight around my hips—almost as tight as the walls of her pussy were gripping my dick.

Biting back a groan, I pulled out until only the tip of my dick remained inside her clutching cunt. After another deep breath, I slammed into her again. The violent thrust triggered her unrelenting orgasm.

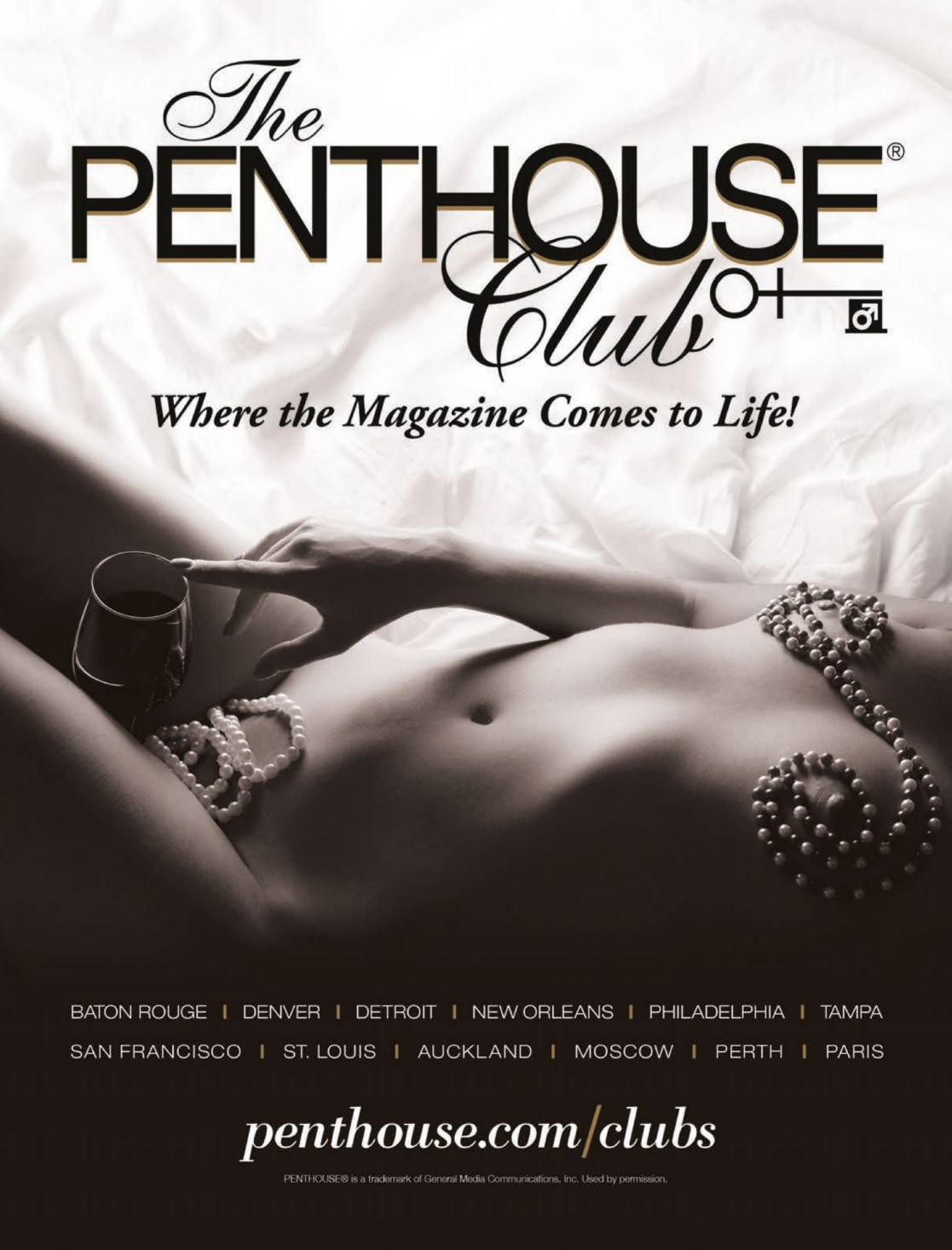
Katrina's muscles rolled, rippled and twitched around me. Her honey rushed out of her in a steady stream, providing the extra lubrication I needed to drive myself dangerously close to the edge.

And oh how close I was. One, two, three more feverish thrusts, and I was gone, hurdling into the inviting abyss. Come jetted from my body into hers. I pumped into her relentlessly, not pausing until every last drop of semen left my body.

Right as I finished blowing my load into Katrina, I heard footsteps outside the study room. We looked at each other and froze for a second, and then we straightened our clothes and ran out through the back door into a deserted hallway.

We made it out of the library and back to the banquet hall without incident. Crazy sexual energy still sizzled between us. Continuing our affair for the rest of my time at the university was a total no-brainer. She was worth the risk.

–Name and address withheld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LETTERS

MILF

NEW TRICKS

I was breathless with excitement when I first went to college. I'm a small-town girl, and I was going to one of the best universities in the country. It was a chance to meet new people and shrug off my former dull life. I broke up with my high school boyfriend, sure that I would meet some exotic guy from some remote corner of the world who would dazzle me with his intellectual brilliance and bedroom eyes. Well, I did have an affair with someone worldly, someone exciting, someone exotic, but it was with my art history professor—a 55-year-old woman.

Isabelle, as I have come to call her, was the instructor of an upper-level course on the depiction of the female form in painting. I didn't have the prerequisites, but because I had AP credits I was able to apply for a waiver to enroll with the instructor's permission. I got an email summoning me for a meeting with the professor. I had no idea who she was or what she looked like, so when I met with her I was stunned to see an older but beautiful women. She had a wonderful figure and strawberry blonde hair. Her face was largely unlined. Isabelle was authentically sexy.

She spoke with a soft French accent and asked me about my academic interests. I planned on being an art history major and already knew the basics. I could tell she was impressed. I gave her a paper I had written on Georgia O'Keefe, and she said she would read it and let me know her verdict on my request to take her course. By the time I got home, she'd sent me an email saying I was in.

On the very first day of the class, our small group of all female students met. It was a seminar, not a lecture, so we had to be on our game—no sleeping in the back of the room. Isabelle introduced herself, and we went around the room, each saying a few words about ourselves. When my turn to speak finally arrived, I found myself blushing as Isabelle stared intently at me.

Then she began. Isabelle had a laptop and a projector, and the first image she displayed was Gustave Courbet's L'Origine du monde, meaning The Origin of the World. If you've never seen it, it's basically a close-up of a woman's vulva.

Well, if Isabelle wanted our attention, she got it. Even a conservative, small-town girl like me has seen porn, but I'd never stared so long and intently at a giant picture of female genitals. She then spent the rest of the class showing female nudes: Goya's The Nude Maja; Matisse's Blue Nude; Modigliani's Reclining Nude; Lucien Freud's Benefits Supervisor Sleeping and John Singer Sargent's Nude Egyptian Girl. She didn't do much talking, instead prodding us into discussion. Were they pornographic or anti-feminist? Most of us didn't think so, and more than once, the word "tasteful" was invoked. Then she put up a photo taken from an adult magazine. The model was a beautiful young women, and she was nude with her legs spread, her labia parted.

Isabelle asked us if that picture was pornographic, and some of the self-described "womyn" said it was. Isabelle asked why, and the offended women said the pic was exploitative. Isabelle mused out loud, asking if the models who posed for the great artists of the past were being exploited. Some of my classmates sputtered in indignation.

I thought her lesson was great. I had no agenda one way or another. Isabelle asked us if we would pose nude under any circumstances. Most of the class said no, but I blushed as I imagined stripping down for an artist's appraising eye. The idea turned me on. Isabelle then told us she had posed nude years ago for painters and photographers when she lived in Paris and said she had no regrets.

Isabelle's class soon became my favorite. It was more than an analysis of nudes. We talked about how the female form has been idolized in different ways

throughout history. I opened up a lot more as class went on, and I paid a shy visit to Isabelle during her office hours a few weeks into the semester. I didn't really have a question. I just had a serious crush on her.

Isabelle was welcoming and kind, asking me a lot about myself. Then she seriously shocked me by saying. "You may not know this, but I'm an artist myself. Would you consider posing naked for me?"

I must have turned bright red because she laughed. "Don't be so nervous, Gabriella. You don't have to do it. I just find your face intriguing. I don't know exactly what your body is like, but you have that sylph-like look that I like to capture in oils."

Isabelle looked at me, a warm smile on her face, and in those few seconds my life changed. Somehow, I stammered yes. I wanted to be naked in front of her. Not only that, I wanted to see her naked, too. I hoped I'd get the chance.

I agreed to come to her house in the early evening the following Saturday. She told me I didn't need to bring anything, just my body. I was visibly shaking when I rang her bell. She answered the door wearing only a kimono, sashed so that her torso was visible from her neck to nearly her navel. She was barefoot, her toenails painted a fiery red. When she laid eyes on me, she laughed gaily.

"You look like a scared rabbit," she said merrily. "Come in, and let me give you some wine."

Her living room was exquisitely decorated. When she bent over to grab a bottle of red from her wine rack, I tried not to stare at her tits because they were perfectly visible. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from her. She caught me looking down her gaping kimono and flashed me a mischievous smile.

"Sorry for my appearance, but when I work I like to be comfortable."

I looked away, and my eyes fell on a picture of a young woman in a cap and gown. "Is that your daughter?" I asked, knowing she had children.

"ISABELLE DOVE HEADFIRST INTO MY SOPPING PUSSY, LAPPING AT IT HUNGRILY."

Isabelle laughed again. "No, that's my granddaughter. She just graduated high school. She's in her first semester of college now. She wouldn't come where I teach. She had to go all the way across the country."

Granddaughter? I had figured Isabelle to be in her 40s. But that didn't add up. She noticed my quizzical look and asked, "How old did you think I was?"

"Forty-five?" I asked, not wanting to offend her.

"Oh, aren't you sweet," she said, putting a hand on my leg. "I'm 55."

"You look amazing," I said, genuinely shocked and impressed. Her body seemed taut, and her youthful face was free of wrinkles.

"I bathe in the blood of virgins," she said in a deadpan voice. Then she laughed heartily at her own joke.

"Let's enjoy our wine and then start our work, shall we?"

When our glasses were drained, Isabelle took me into her studio. I followed close behind, watching her toned ass twitch provocatively beneath her thin robe. I was intoxicated. I realized right then and there that she and I would fuck each other silly before the day was over.

Isabelle had me strip down, and I did so without any shame. I have a somewhat boyish figure—small breasts and a tiny ass, but I've always liked my legs. She clucked her tongue in appreciation, and then gave me some props. She had me wear a silk top hat, a black bow tie and men's dress shoes—but nothing else. I held a walking stick with the golden head of a lion on top as I sat in a velvet chair with gold armrests. She said she was going to sketch me first.

And she did. She sketched me for about an hour, letting me take a break every 15 minutes. As I sat there, letting her intimately study me, I was getting extremely turned on. I was worried my overflowing pussy I might soak her fancy chair.

Eventually, she put her sketchpad aside and said, "You can get dressed now." I was disappointed. Then she added, "Or you can take everything off and put your legs over those armrests."

I chose to do the latter. I tossed the hat, tie, shoes and walking stick aside before spreading my legs. She then said, "Touch yourself. I want you to masturbate for me like you do when you're alone."

Her words lit a fire in me. I stroked my breasts, my nipples instantly spiking. My pussy lips were exposed to her gaze, but I wanted her to see how turned on I'd become. With the fingers of one hand, I

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↘ MILF

parted my nether lips so she could see my glistening pink flesh. That's when Isabelle parted her robe and began touching herself as well. She inserted two fingers in her cunt and began sliding them in and out at a leisurely pace. She was breathing heavily, as was I. We weren't going to last long.

I rubbed my clit furiously as I imagined Isabelle lapping at my slit, and in little more than minutes, we came together. Isabelle's eyes glittered with barely sated lust. I knew our interlude wasn't over.

My professor stood, offered me her hand and led me into her bedroom. She dropped her robe, letting it slip to the floor in a sensual whisper of satin, and we fell onto the bed together. Isabelle practically dove headfirst into my sopping pussy, lapping at it hungrily. I ran my fingers through her fair hair and curled my legs around her as I soared to new heights of pleasure. I didn't think I could come again so quickly on the heels of my first climax, but her tongue was magic and in no time I was coating her face with cunt juice.

I pulled her up into a warm embrace so we could kiss passionately. Then I eased her down onto her back and sucked on her nipples, which made her gasp prettily. Finally, after kissing a line down her belly, which was unbelievably flat and smooth, I focused on her cunt. Her lips had parted, like the blooming petals of a flower, as they awaited the attention of my tongue. I hesitated only slightly, and then took my first taste of pussy.

"I POSITIONED MYSELF ON ALL FOURS, FEELING MY AROUSAL FLICKER TO LIFE ONCE MORE."

In my excitement, I ate her somewhat clumsily, I thought. But Isabelle gave me directions. With her gentle instruction, coupled with my knowledge of what I knew to work for me, I made her come in short order.

We lay together in post-orgasmic glory for a good while, before she hopped up and went to her dresser. She opened a drawer and pulled out a strap-on dildo.

"Who should wear it?" she asked.

"You fuck me," I said confidently. "You've got more experience with that thing."

She smiled broadly and strapped on the harness. I positioned myself on all fours, feeling my arousal fully flicker to life once more. I couldn't wait for her to pound me with that thing.

Isabelle got into position and slowly inserted the toy. It was tremendous, bigger than any cock I've ever had—but before long I was engulfed in rapturous pleasure. After a few gentle strokes, Isabelle was fucking me hard, slapping my ass after every other thrust. My ass cheeks burned, and my cunt was overflowing. As she pounded my pussy with all her might, I fingered my clit until a fierce climax utterly devastated me.

I'm happy to say that was only the first of many interludes between the two of us. I pose for Isabelle every weekend, and we always have super-hot sex afterward.

She's the best teacher I've ever had. Trust me—I've learned a lot from her.

–G.S., via email

SPIN CYCLE

"If you give those to my mom she'll wash them."

I looked down at my dark gray sweatpants and shook my head. "Dude, these are gross. They've got blood *and* mud on them from football." I looked at the crotch and laughed. "And probably some jizz, too. Not sure."

Caleb laughed. "She won't bat an eyelash. I saw her down in the laundry room a few minutes ago. If you hurry, she'll throw them in."

"She's your mom. You ask her," I said, thrusting the pants at him.

He held up his hands. "Dude, I'm not touching them. They're disgusting." Then he jogged off to the bathroom to take a shower.

I hurried down the hall and took the steps fast. I didn't have anything else to wear that week except the jeans I had on—and they weren't all that clean either. I really didn't want to ask Caleb's mother to wash my pants. Jenny was a single mom who worked from home. The last thing she needed was more laundry.

That was what was running through my head as I collided with her.

I dropped the pants and grabbed her shoulders to keep her from falling to the floor.

"Oh, my God. I'm so sorry. I wasn't looking."

She laughed. "I'm fine. Totally fine. You just startled me. No one there, and then giant guy there." She bent over to pick up the pants. "Did you need these washed?"

"Yes. Um…no. Well, I need to wash them. Can I use your machine when you're done? I don't want to ask you to—"

She shook her head and laughed. "Come on."

I followed her into the laundry room where a load was already agitating.

"One more pair of sweatpants isn't going to make a difference. Plus, lucky you, it's a dark load." She lifted the lid, dropped the pants in and winked at me. "There. Now was that so hard?"

My eyes scanned her curvy body. She was my best friend's mother, and this was the first time we'd been alone. But it was long enough for me to notice the sweetheart shape of her ass in her tight jeans. How her small waist flared to sexy hips. How her long dark hair had just a few threads of sterling silver that somehow made her a million times sexier.

"No," I managed to mutter, despite having a dry tongue that suddenly felt welded to the roof of my mouth. "Not hard at all."

That hadn't been hard, but *something* was. I cleared my throat. "Thank you. Very much. I'll just—" I let the sentence trail off as I cocked a thumb toward the hallway. I needed to make a swift exit, lest she notice my stiff dick.

"No problem," she replied. And then she looked, very deliberately, at the erection I was hoping to hide.

About an hour later my cock was still throbbing, and my mind was filled with dirty images. I couldn't stop thinking about Jenny, no matter how hard I tried.

Caleb came bounding up the steps. "My mom wants me to grab some groceries for dinner tonight. Steaks, dude. Score." He reached out, and I gave him the knucks he so frequently demanded. "Want to come?"

"Naw, I gotta take a shower. We're still going to that party after dinner, right?"

"Absolutely. You shower; I'll get the food."

I let out a sigh as I shut the bathroom door. I stripped down and turned the water on hot. Caleb's mom was consuming my thoughts: her ass, her hips and her tits—full and round and pressing against her snug tee—and those crazy stripes of silver in her hair.

I pressed my forehead to the slick tile and let the water beat down on me. I let out a groan and gripped my cock, giving it a squeeze. "Why couldn't she be short, fat, and have a hairy mole?" I whispered. Then I laughed at my own stupid complaint.

I gave myself a few hard strokes. When pressure built I cupped my balls, but I kept my head pressed to the tile. I thrust slowly into my own hand, doing my best to imagine it was Caleb's mother's cunt.

I didn't notice the shower curtain sliding back. I had no idea Jenny was there until she whispered, "Your pants are done. And…maybe I can help

with that too." Her smile was knowing.

I turned so fast I almost tipped over. "Jesus."

She put a hand on my arm reassuringly. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you," she said, looking a little embarrassed. "I can go—"

"Don't." I answered before I had any idea I'd even spoken.

"No? Instead, maybe we can…" She cut the water and held out a hand. I took it, and she tugged until I stepped out of the tub and stood on the fluffy gray shower mat.

She got down on her knees, and I felt the world tilt beneath my feet. She leaned in and pressed her soft lips to my cockhead and then they parted and enveloped my dick. Her tongue felt like hot, wet velvet. I groaned and put my hand on the back of her head. I thrust a few times, rocking my hips slowly and listening to her exhale and then moan.

I grew bolder as she continued to suck on my cock with an ever increasing hunger, drawing on me so that I felt heat rise in my cheeks. I held the sides of her head and fucked her mouth a bit harder, taking her the way I needed.

Her hands came up to cup my ass as she dragged her tongue down my shaft.

"Fuck," I growled impatiently, knowing we had limited time.

I dropped to my knees and worked the button on her jeans. Together we got them off, and I pushed her back on the plush rug and kissed her square on the mouth. "Goddamn, you're pretty."

She smiled, and I shoved her shirt up and pulled her bra cups down. I sucked one hard nipple in my mouth, flicking it with my tongue. I moved to the other nipple, giving it the same attention. I pushed a finger into her wet pussy and curled it. She moaned into my mouth, her body undulating beneath mine.

"HER PUSSY LET LOOSE A RUSH OF JUICES INTO MY MOUTH, AND I SIGHED."

I moved down to her pussy, parted her outer lips and examined her pert little clit. Then I touched my tongue to it and gave it a swipe. She hissed like I'd burned her but pressed her hips up so that her pussy mashed against my willing mouth. I sucked her hard and then lapped at her, making small, gentle circles with my tongue—until her hips started to pump wildly and she grasped my hair so hard I gasped. Then I switched to fast and firm flicking, and she came with a fierce cry.

Her pussy let loose a rush of juices into my mouth, and I sighed, licking her clean and lapping up the excess.

But I wasn't done. I wanted to draw another orgasm from her. I slid two fingers into her tight cunt and found her G-spot with the tips of my fingers. I thrust against it as I went back to eating her, taking my time and lapping at her slowly. I licked all around her clit but never actually touched it as I curled my fingers deep inside her.

"Fuck. Lick me. Suck my clit," she begged. "I'm so close."

I could feel her slick channel tightening around my fingers as she babbled. I smiled and delivered some fast flicks of my tongue to her swollen clit. When she groaned, I sucked it and nudged that tender spot deep inside her with my fingertips, increasing the pressure until she lost it.

Jenny came with a shout, and I feared my cock was so hard it would break off before I could actually get inside her.

"Hurry," she said. "Caleb always forgets half the stuff on my list and gets back way before he should."

I nudged her legs apart and traced my tip along her wet slit. She arched up as I ran my cock over her clit.

"Fuck me," she said.

That was all I needed.

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, laughing. And I slid into her with a hard, fast thrust. Her pussy gripped me tight, and I gritted my teeth to concentrate. The last thing I

wanted was have a hair trigger. Not with this gorgeous MILF.

Her hands squeezed my ass, and she bucked beneath me. Every time I drove into her, my pelvis banged her clit. She sighed and moaned, and the noises were driving me insane.

She wrapped her legs around my waist, and I felt her heated cunt open to me further. "Jesus," she muttered low and hoarse.

"I feel like I should be doing something wild, like banging you doggy-style or doing some Kama Sutra shit," I admitted.

"Why?" Her eyes were blue. Big and blue and guileless. "Missionary is perfect. I can feel everything. You can feel everything, and you can look at my face when you make me come."

I shoved my hands beneath her shapely ass and tilted her just so. I fucked her with short, brutal jabs, feeling her slippery heat engulf me. Her hips danced rhythmically, and her eyes drifted shut as she chewed her lower lip.

"There," she said. "Right there. Right there…"

"You're getting so fucking tight."

"Because–"

Before she could finish her sentence, she came. Her pussy squeezed me so tight the sensation stole my breath. The rippling spasms finally stopped, and I pulled my hands from under her ass and pushed her arms above her head. I held them with one hand and angled myself so I could bite her nipples as I fucked her.

"Hurry," she said, and then she was giggling. Her laughter was like a tinkling wind chime.

"I–" I began, but I lost my train of thought because she squeezed her cunt around me and my mind shut down. I buried my face in her neck, inhaling her spicy perfume. I came with a shuddery sigh and a deep groan, pumping her full of cream.

Suddenly, I heard Caleb call out and we were in motion. I jumped back in the shower after she gave me a quick peck on the lips. She dressed herself quickly and grabbed my sweats. She was in the bathroom doorway when Caleb spotted her.

"Mom! What are you doing?"

"I just wanted to give Jack his sweatpants."

"He's in the shower. You'll embarrass him."

I heard her leave and had to stifle a laugh. I was looking forward to seeing what the rest of the week would bring.

–J.K., Pasadena, California

CAMPUS HOTTIE

The hottest girl on campus wasn't a girl. I mean, she was definitely female. But she was no girl. She was a woman.

Her name was Janice, and I had a case of the hots for her that wouldn't quit. I thought about her all day, and at night she starred in my dreams. She was well-built and attractive, and something about her just sent my balls humming.

I'd asked around. After her divorce she had gone back to school to become a nurse. She was 45 years old. So I wasn't even half her age!

For a long while, I tried to work up the nerve to approach her. I was confident talking to girls my age around school, but something about Janice made me tongue-tied.

Not to sound like a stalker…I'd noticed she went running every morning. I decided I'd do the same, so I could perhaps introduce myself to her.

I lay in my empty bed the night before with my cock throbbing as images of her flooded my mind. I didn't know if her age was enticing me or intimidating me. Probably a little of both.

That morning I headed out on the jogging lane that ran around campus. I was a little ahead of her usual starting time, so I glanced back regularly, waiting for her to appear. My muscles buzzed with anticipation.

When Janice finally appeared, I had no chance to say anything. She went shooting by me at a sprinter's speed. Her thick dark hair was bound up in a ponytail that bounced behind her. Her toned arms moved like pistons. I watched her firm backside, encased enticingly in stretch pants, disappear down the track.

I put on speed, desperate to catch up. Man, could she run! I'd thought myself in great shape, but Janice was like a gazelle. Every time I gained a yard, she seemed to increase her velocity. Soon she simply left me in the dust. Panting, I stumbled to a bench and sat. My head spun. I put it down between my knees, half laughing and half cursing myself. All my bold plans to seduce the woman of my dreams hadn't even made it to the first stage.

A short while later I heard footsteps approaching before a female voice said, "You do give up easily, don't you?"

I looked up. Janice was jogging in place, grinning at me. She barely looked winded, even though her lovely high

LETTERS

↘ MILF

cheekbones were glossed with sweat. Her sleeveless top clung to her, outlining her generous breasts.

"I usually bicycle for exercise," I said lamely. "It's a different set of muscles."

"You're Wayne," she said.

I blinked in surprise. "Yeah. How you...?"

"You were asking about me, so I asked about you." My inquiries didn't appear to have bothered her.

"I was interested in you," I blurted out. Then more smoothly I said, "I am interested." I gave her my best smile.

She might have patted me on the head, called me adorable, and disappeared—and I wouldn't have blamed her. But at least I'd finally said something.

Instead, she said with a purr in her voice, "One more time around campus. If you can keep up, I'll give you a...treat." It was the sort of playful sexual badinage common at this school full of horny kids. Janice carried it off admirably.

I ran the route with her. I had the feeling she was taking it just a little easy on me. We talked some. She'd always wanted to be in nursing. Now that her son was old enough to be away at university, she could pursue her dream. And yep, her son was just about my age.

Janice had a private dorm, and she took me there. I was already shivering with excitement. She was such a fit and agile woman. But more than that, she exuded a very adult determination and assurance.

As soon as her door was closed, she pulled me toward her. She was my height. Gazing mischievously into my eyes, she said, "It's been a long time, so be good to me." I thought she was kidding. Later I learned she hadn't slept with another man since her divorce two years ago.

I kissed her, very softly. Her lips slowly eased open, and her tongue appeared. I met it with the tip of mine. It was an unhurried kiss, full of introductory passion. I did not want to fuck this up by rushing it.

Desire burned in me, nonetheless. Janice pulled me against her, and I felt the soft press of her tits. We kissed deeper, and she seized my head in both her hands. She traced her thumbs along my jawline and ground her mouth against mine. I slid my hands over her slender waist and dared to touch my crotch to hers. She answered by humping hard against me, and my cock surged to a pulsing hardness.

She stepped back to peel off her sweat-damp clothes, and I did the same. Her body was beautiful, brimming with vitality and the stamina that let her run mile after mile without stopping. Her dark stiff nipples stood out, and her mound was covered with closely trimmed fuzz.

We moved to her bed in a hurry. Urgency crackled in the air, along with the alluring scent of her warm flesh and aroused pussy.

We lay down naked together. Her smooth supple body pressed tightly against mine. She reached around for a handful of my ass, while I took one of those luscious tits in my hand and squeezed, relishing the feel of her. Her hard nipple scraped my palm. I caught it between two knuckles and tweaked it, increasing the pressure when she responded with a mewl of pleasure.

I kissed her again more wildly, letting my excitement overtake me. Up close I could see the character in her face. She wasn't lined or wrinkled. Neither was any part of her body saggy. I realized what misguided preconceptions I'd had about middle-aged women.

I licked her throat, and then moved down to suckle her tits. She jammed them hard against my mouth, and when I nibbled her nips, she cried out. I went further south, slipping eagerly between her taut thighs. She reached down to spread her shaven pussy lips for me with her fingers.

Her aroma was tantalizing. I took a first taste of her, running my tongue tip up her open gash. The flavor stung me with pleasure as her juices flowed freely. I lapped them up, then delved inside for more. I was hungry for this woman's pussy.

Janice reached down to rub her clit as I continued to tease her opening with my

tongue. I'd never had a girl do that while I was eating her out, and the act excited me unexpectedly. She shamelessly stroked her nub while I slurped and sucked her pussy.

Her hips bucked underneath her, and she smeared my face with her honey. I licked her, and she continued to finger herself. Then with a thrashing noisy display, she came. The ambrosial evidence of her arousal poured across my tongue. I swallowed, savoring the taste and warmth of her juices.

She was more than strong enough to flip me onto my back as she positioned me for the next phase of our lovemaking. First, she licked my face clean, which sent shivers of intense excitement through my being. Then she moved southward as I had, positioning herself between my outspread legs. Her pretty eyes glittered as she beheld my achingly erect cock.

I'd been sucked off before, but I realized in the first 30 seconds of her oral attack that fully half those blowjobs had been pure amateur hour. Janice's tongue lavished my cockhead until it gleamed with her spit. Then she sealed her lovely lips around my knob and started swallowing her way downward.

I watched in sexual rapture as she took every inch of me, sucking me right down to my shaven balls. Her cheeks were tight around my shaft. Her tongue caressed me as her head bobbed up and down in a fearless rhythm, plunging to my base every time. No gag reflex problems with this woman.

On sudden impulse, I reached down and started fondling my balls. It was something I'd never done while being sucked. My gently squeezing hand increased the pleasure of the already fantastic sucking I was receiving.

But before I could shoot off in her talented mouth, Janice rose and climbed on top of me. Her beautiful face was torn with need. She lowered her glistening pussy onto my twitching cock. I slotted up into her, feeling our bodies lock together. She was slick and warm inside, and she took every inch of me again. She shimmied her hips, and I felt my cockhead throbbing somewhere around her lowest ribs, it seemed like.

"SHE WAS SLICK AND WARM INSIDE, AND SHE TOOK EVERY INCH OF ME."

Then she started to ride me. I liked having women on top of me, but I'd never been treated quite like a bucking bronco before. She pounded her pussy up and down on my shaft. Her dark hair came out of its sweaty ponytail and fanned out wildly as she shook her head side to side. Her tits heaved as she gulped her breaths.

I reached up to maul those tits some more as she twisted and bounced. I met her furious downward plunges with upward thrusts. Our bodies smacked together loudly. Suddenly, her pussy tightened around me. I saw her body tense, and a look of ecstasy overwhelmed her. She came without any inhibitions, without shyness, letting herself fully experience the natural and necessary bliss.

When she slipped off me and rolled onto her back, I mounted her in a final fit of sexual need. Her shapely legs were opened wide. I hammered my cock into her pussy. I was delirious with pleasure, on a plane of carnal fulfillment I'd never suspected even existed.

I was seconds away from the most potent climax of my life when she said, "Spray it on me, Wayne! Please!"

I rocked back onto my knees, took my cock in my hand and showered her gorgeous body with my come. My pearly jets hit her stomach, tits and face. She cried out with a fresh orgasm, fingering her clit and running her free hand over herself, smearing my cream over her skin, kneading it into her tits and licking her fingers clean.

No doubt about it: She was the hottest girl on campus.

–W.B., via email

If you've ever gotten lucky with a friend's mom, take our advice: Don't tell your friend—tell us! And, Mom, you can tell us, too! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MILF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

TEACHER'S PET

I've got a secret. I love giving blowjobs and I like to have my pussy licked, but my favorite thing in the whole world is to get my ass fucked. I wasn't always this way. One of my early boyfriends suggested doing it. I was unsure, but he convinced me. With a patient and tender touch, and lots of lube, he introduced me to the wonderful world of sodomy. And now I have anal sex as often as I can.

What's weird is that some guys don't want to do it. I thought butt-fucking was a major fantasy of every guy—you know, because of the taboo nature of it all. And the fact that it's a tighter hole. But I've come across men who were squeamish and wanted nothing to do with my asshole. They also didn't want me anywhere near theirs either, which was a real shame.

I love motorcycles and the guys who ride them—burly, scruffy men who favor leather and tattoos and have a healthy love for the open road. I ride every chance I get—my hog is a Harley, of course. A Super Bob in black. In my small city, the bikers tend to associate with each other, and we all hit the same dive bar on the outskirts of town. It also draws like-minded visitors who are just passing through. One day a super hot dude showed up. He was blond and had about three days' beard growth. I could've struck a match off his cheek. He rode an Indian, not vintage but still awesome in the familiar red and cream. It was a beautiful bike carrying a beautiful man. I was in love.

I was drinking with some of the regular chicks that day. It was a slow day, so there was no cruising going on—until the fresh meat showed up. Every woman was checking him out, but he made a beeline for me, and the closer he got, the better he looked. He was tanned and rugged-looking—and my heart started pounding double time.

"I'm Luke," he said in a gravelly voice. He pulled off his gloves and offered me a hand, which I took. His firm grip thrilled me. "I'm new in town. Can I buy you a drink?"

That's all the opening line I needed. I had him sit down next to me, and we started to chat. He worked construction and had just gotten a job in town working on the new high school. I told him I was an adjunct professor at the local junior college—English. That turns some guys off, but he rolled with it, telling me his favorite writer was Jack Kerouac. He even quoted me the closing passage of *On the Road*. That made my panties seriously wet.

Before our first round was finished, I knew I would fuck him. I pictured him with a nice big dick and wondered how it would feel in my ass. We danced to a few songs from the jukebox, and I whispered into his ear to follow me to my place. We went outside as twilight was descending, and he was right behind me on his bike as I rode mine to my condo.

When we got to my place, he followed me inside and said, "You have the finest ass I've ever seen!"

I turned and with an encouraging smile said, "I'm glad you think so!"

We made out on my couch for a while. He had a stiffy, and I fondled it through his jeans. I was sopping wet, and my nipples were as hard as pebbles.

"Come, let's go play in the shower," I said, leading him to the bathroom.

I stripped down and let him watch me while I did it. I felt like a lamb being eyed by a wolf. Once I was starkers, I got into the shower and under the spray. He quickly got naked. He was an Adonis. He had his share of tats, and his cock was fat and uncut. His erection swayed as he stepped into the water with me.

We soaped each other up and made out, and he seemed amused when I paid special attention to his balls and butt. I slipped a finger into his ass, and he growled deep in his chest. I told him to make sure my butt hole was nice and clean, and he grinned devilishly and followed my orders.

We toweled off, and I led him into the bedroom by his cock. We flopped on the bed, and I turned him over onto his stomach. I massaged his shoulders and back, and he loved it, but he kept wanting to roll over. But I had other fish to fry first.

I rubbed his muscular ass cheeks and parted them to tickle his asshole.

"LUKE DOVE IN, EAGERLY LAPPING AT MY CLIT AND PLAYING WITH MY ASSHOLE."

"Hey," he said, sounding amused, "what are you doing?"

"Don't worry, baby," I said. "Anything I do to you, you can do to me." With that I eased a spit-slickened finger into his ass and began to fuck him with it. He looked back at me with his eyes half lidded with lust as he relaxed and surrendered to me. I soon removed my finger and began flicking my tongue over his quivering back hole until he was groaning with abandon.

I was completely turned on and ready to get my ass fucked. But I wanted to prime the pump. At my behest, Luke rolled over. His cock stood straight up, and I devoured it, sucking it to the root. Then I backed off and licked the tip as if it were a lollipop. All the while I played with Luke's welcoming asshole, my finger darting in and out. I timed my motions so my digit went all the way to his prostate while I swirled my tongue around his cockhead, which made him twitch and jerk.

He said he wanted to taste my pussy, and I thought that was a good idea. I lay back and spread my legs wide. Luke dove in, eagerly lapping at my clit and playing with my asshole, like I had with his. I could tell from the way he was fingering my back passage, I was going to have no trouble at all convincing him to plant his cock there.

"That feels so good. I want you to finger-fuck my ass, eat my ass, and then fuck my ass. To top it off, you can come in my ass. Is that clear, stud?"

He gave me a wink and a thumbs-up before he began tonguing my asshole. It felt great and made me super horny. Before long, I was ready for his cock and told him so. His fat boy was still as hard as iron, and he stroked into my pussy a few times to get his shaft wet—and to rile us up. I gestured to my bedside drawer, where I keep a variety of lubes. He grabbed a bottle and squirted a copious amount of the slippery stuff into his hand, which he then spread on his dick and on my butt hole.

The moment of truth had arrived, and Luke slowly eased his cock into my snug back chute. I sighed rapturously, and my sphincter squeezed him tightly. Luke sucked in a harsh breath when he felt my asshole constrict around his member. He just stayed inside me for a moment, which was fine, but then I undulated my hips to get him moving.

He was a masterful ass-fucker, pumping me with a variety of rhythms—slow, fast, hard and easy. I savored the feeling of him plundering my hole while I reached down and fingered my clit, making my pleasure soar higher and higher. Suddenly, I came like a small explosive went off inside me, and my spasms set him off, too. He pumped me

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full of cream, and when he withdrew, I felt some of his load ooze out of me.

We were coated with semen, cunt juice and lube, so we took another shower. As we stood under the spray, I gave him a handjob and brought him right to the brink of orgasm. Then we went back to bed, and this time, I let him call the shots. He said he wanted me to get him off with my mouth. I sucked him sweetly and paid a lot of attention to his heavy balls, fondling them and teasing them with my tongue.

Luke was starting to breathe heavily, and I was more than willing to swallow his load. But I got really excited when he begged me to play with his ass again. But I had a better idea than just using a finger. I went into my toy box and found a string of silicone anal beads. They weren't very big—not much more than regular marbles. But I lubed 'em up and worked them into his asshole one by one. Then I resumed sucking his dick. When he got to the point of no return, I pulled the balls out of his asshole. He came like crazy, shooting jet after jet of cream down my throat. I swallowed every drop.

While I still see other guys, Luke and I get together often. He calls himself my "asshole buddy," and I wouldn't have it any other way.

–D.F., Tampa, Florida

NOONER

"Seriously, these?" I queried as I turned and modeled the high-waisted, flared-legged jeans.

"Those," Jeff said with conviction.

"Why?" I eyed myself in the mirror.

"Dat ass," he said, laughing.

I went into the dressing room, stripped off the wide-leg retro jeans and dropped them in my keep pile before trying on a skinny pair of capris in a faded wash.

I came back out. Only I had a boyfriend who could, and would, willingly, sit for an hour in a dressing-room chair to watch me try on jeans during Spring Break.

"How about these?"

He spun his finger in the air, and I did a twirl.

"Again, but move slower when we get to the part where you're facing away from me."

I rolled my eyes but laughed anyway. I felt the heat in my cheeks and a wave of arousal flow to my pussy. I knew damn well what his praise did for my ego and my soul. It was good for both. It was part of why I brought him along. I knew he'd be gaga over looking at my butt in jeans for an hour.

"Oh, yeah. Those, too."

"That's two pairs so far. That's money."

"It's worth it," Jeff said.

I glanced over my shoulder at him and waggled my ass. "Why?" I prompted, already knowing how he'd answer me.

"Dat ass," he said and winked.

My face grew hotter, my pussy wetter, and I went back in for pair three: an ankle length, not quite as skinny, in a darker wash. I wriggled into the snug denim, already feeling my heartbeat in my cunt. He was turning me on, and I wanted him. He damn well knew it, too. I'd seen the look that crossed his face as I returned to the dressing room.

I came out in the final pair and literally posed in a way that allowed me to pop my hip and stick my ass out at him shamelessly.

He chuckled softly and a shiver ran up my spine. "I like the cut. Do they have them in a lighter color?"

Jeff is not a huge fan of dark wash jeans for some reason. "I think so."

He came over and looked at the tag affixed to my rear. The whole time he inspected the piece of cardboard, he was boldly running his fingers over the seams of the pockets, the curve of my hips, the flare of my bottom. A little moan escaped my lips, and I tried to cover it with a sheepish laugh.

He wasn't fooled for a moment.

"Be right back," he said. Then he kissed the back of my neck, and my nipples spiked hard inside my cotton tee.

He returned with the same style of jeans but in a much lighter color. "Here. This will be much better, I bet."

"My hero," I said, batting my eyelashes.

"You know it."

I ran my fingers over his scruffy beard and urged him closer in for a kiss before ducking back into the fitting room.

I tried on the new jeans. I had to admit they *were* a better look. I pranced back out, giving my booty some extra shake.

"There we go. Get them all. Tell the sales lady to ring 'em up!"

I rolled my eyes. "You're hopeless."

"Hopelessly in love with you and dat ass."

I hugged him and kissed his neck. "You know when we get home…"

"I'm gonna fuck that ass until you come, sobbing," he whispered darkly in my ear. There was some growl in his voice now, and his tone made the hair on the back of my neck prickle—in a good way.

"Yes," I said against his chest. "Yes."

I was practically vibrating by the time we got to our apartment. The bag full of jeans was dropped by the front door. I did indeed get every single pair. And a tank that hit me—according to Jeff—at exactly the right place to accentuate my bodacious booty.

But my clothing score—on sale, plus my student discount!—was utterly forgotten.

Jeff had his clothes off before we'd cleared the bedroom threshold, and he started working on mine immediately afterward.

"These jeans come off," he said, yanking them down. He held them to his face and breathed in deeply.

"What are you doing?"

"Smelling them. You never wear underwear. I like the scent of you on them."

"I LET OUT A SIGH AS HE PARTED MY PUSSY LIPS AND BLEW ACROSS MY CLIT."

"They're just an old pair of jeans."

"Well, loved. They've served us well. You don't know how many times I've jumped you because of those jeans."

He dropped the pants and knelt behind me. He pushed his face to my ass and then bit my right cheek. I shrieked and jumped but arousal pounded in my cunt, and my juices started to flow once more.

"A river…" I murmured, feeling the wetness.

"A river?" He pushed a finger inside me, withdrew it and then thrust again.

"Yes."

"Getting there," Jeff said. He bit my other cheek, and I gave a little sob.

There would be small purple marks on my skin for days. I knew this from experience. I'd press them with my fingertips and relive the rush of this—I knew that from experience, too.

Another bite, another thrust of his fingers. His tongue took a tour of the places where he'd used his teeth. Goose bumps sprang up along my skin.

"You know we have to get you good and gushing." He slid his mouth along my skin as he spoke.

Of all the things Jeff was good at—dirty talk was at the top of the list.

"I know, I know…" I was practically panting.

He grazed me with his teeth, then his lips, then his tongue. Then he turned me when my body was practically bowing toward his.

"Let's see what we can do about that."

I let out a sigh as he parted my pussy lips and blew gently across my clit. He sat back on his haunches and studied me. That turned me on more than anything, when he eyed me that way.

"Testing, testing…" He laughed at his own joke while pushing his fingers deep inside me. Two this time, repeatedly thrusting and curling until I thought my knees would buckle. And all the while his eager tongue raced back and forth across my clit.

I arched against him, and when I hit the point where I lost all control, I grabbed the back of his head and pushed my mound eagerly against his mouth.

"Come for me," Jeff mumbled into my wet flesh, his deep voice vibrating up through my pubic bone and settling in my pelvis.

His fingers drove deep, and I climaxed.

With the bottle of lube within easy reach, Jeff pushed me to the bed and arranged me on my hands and knees at the very edge of the mattress. This was the precursor, I knew it—and I knew it would be good. He moved up close behind me, now standing. He slid into my pussy gradually. He knew my body so well. His cock hit my

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swollen G-spot almost immediately.

Jeff moved slowly, bumping that perfect place in a sensual rhythm. My cunt grew tighter around his cock. My pussy grew unbelievably wet, and we both groaned.

"There we go," he said. "There's my girl."

I hummed with pleasure, moving almost imperceptibly back to meet his thrusts, until the pressure built and I could no longer stand the bliss. I came with a cry, driving myself back roughly onto his hard dick.

Jeff kept fucking me, slamming my tender G-spot again. I moaned, relaxing my body as he thrust his cock deep into my cunt. He slipped a lubed-up finger into my ass.

"Another," I begged, hanging my head.

He added a second thick finger, fucking me slowly before withdrawing completely and leaving me feeling hopelessly empty. His fingers then smeared a generous amount of lube around my asshole—and then his throbbing cock was pressing against my back hole, instead of his fingers.

I inhaled deeply and drifted backward as he advanced, encouraging him to breach me. When he was in, he stilled his hips but kept smoothing his hands along my body.

"Good?"

"Good," I managed to utter, my voice thick with lust.

That's when Jeff began to thrust with careful control, moving gently but firmly, until I started lunging back to take him deeper.

Then he gripped my hips tight and plowed into me. I hung my head and slid my hand down my belly until my fingers hit my pulsing clit. I started to rub myself, easy circles at first, and then harder ones as his tempo increased. The harder he fucked me, the harder my touch became.

"I CAME WITH A CRY, DRIVING MYSELF BACK ROUGHLY ONTO HIS HARD DICK."

"Come for me, baby. I want at least one good one from you before I go." His voice was deep and rough.

I said nothing but simply whimpered as my pussy grew impossibly tight again. His cock slammed into my neediest place.

"Again," I said.

He pounded me with a single hard thrust.

"Again," I growled. My fingers flew as my clit pulsed with desperate need.

One final lunge—and I came, my pussy flexing hungrily around nothing. The rush was exquisite.

"You love this, don't you?"

I nodded. My fingers attacked my clit once more. There was no way I could expect a fourth orgasm, but I wasn't going to rule it out either.

"You like when I pound your ass, when I stretch it with my big dick."

I nodded once more, unable to speak the words that were flying through my head.

"You like it when I do all these dirty things to you, don't you dirty girl?"

I answered with nothing but shakes of my head and the never-ending motion of my body.

My fingers danced, and I screwed my eyes shut, narrowing the world down to the two of us. Nothing but us.

"I'm almost done for, babe."

His voice was rough and scratchy

I was so close, so very close, and I wanted it—wanted to come with him. Not before him or after him but with him.

I listened to his breathing, felt the bite of his fingers digging into my skin, felt the bang of his hips against my ass as he reamed me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, taking it all in.

"Oh?" he queried mockingly.

"Oh," I repeated, cracking a smile.

"Come with me," was the last thing he managed to say before he yanked me back against him roughly and climaxed.

And I was right there with him—coming long and loud.

I started laughing. "That was a success."

"It was." We rolled to the bed, and he brushed the hair out of my face. "I propose we take a shower, you don a new pair of those bad-ass jeans, and I take you out to dinner."

I agreed with that plan, kissing him.

"And I'll walk behind you, so I can remember that I just tapped dat ass."

I rolled my eyes, but I couldn't hold in the laugh.

–D.S., Houston, Texas

DONE DEAL

"Is butt sex all you frat guys ever think about?" Cassie said with a laugh.

While I did belong to a fraternity, we weren't a bunch of slobby mooks. We studied hard and were known around campus for our good manners. Cassie and I had been going out for three months, and I'd never once mentioned the idea of anal sex... until that night.

I think I actually blushed. "I just really like you. I want to know every inch of you."

"Especially those inches that involve my ass, apparently."

"Look, never mind!" I said hastily. "I'm sorry I brought it up." We were in my room at the frat house.

She was sitting on my bed. "I didn't say no, Kyle. But what you're talking about is a delicate thing, and somebody who rushes it can ruin it. Understand?"

I nodded. It was that potential vulnerability that called to me. I wanted to pleasure Cassie at an expert level. Anal sex, I knew, was something special. I tried to explain all that to her, feeling I was failing miserably.

But she smiled her gorgeous smile. Cassie's a taut, lovely 21-year-old with dark hair and enchanting eyes. She's whip-smart and super-hot.

"That's sweet, Kyle. And I want to do it with you. But I have one rule. I refuse to be anyone's first anal experience." Her eyes glittered. "So, tell me. Have you ever done it before?"

I started pacing anxiously back and forth. I imagined how awesome it would be to penetrate her so intimately, to feel the grasp of her tight back passage, to coax secret pleasures from her.

"Well?" she prodded.

I stammered, "I–I–I...uh, I have and I haven't done it."

She sighed. "That's not an answer. I think I should go."

She made to stand, and I realized I'd put our relationship in jeopardy. I had only one possible way out.

"Don't leave! I'll tell you the truth." My heart pounded. "I have done anal before. But not with a woman. It was with another guy."

I was bracing for all sorts of reactions, but Cassie surprised me by grinning widely.

"Cool! Tell me about it!" She grabbed my hand, pulling me down next to her on the bed.

So I spilled. I told her it had only happened once, on a night last year after me and one of my fraternity brothers had gotten drunk at a party—though I wouldn't tell Cassie the guy's name. We'd gone back to his room, laughing, and started daring each other to do stupid shit. First, it was do 30 push-ups or stand on your head, then somehow we were challenging each other to take off our clothes.

I didn't linger over the details. I remembered that me and the other guy had flipped a coin to see who would take it up the ass. I got to be the

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fucker, not the fuckee. The next day, when we were both sober, we talked privately. Surprisingly, everything was okay between us, but we'd agreed not to bring it up ever again. We never had an encore, and I hadn't wanted one. But the idea of anal sex had stayed in my mind. And I wanted to try it with a chick I was really hot for—like Cassie.

"So, does that count?" I asked quietly.

Cassie was breathing rapidly, her firm breasts rising and falling. She grabbed the front of my shirt and yanked me toward her.

"You're fucking right it counts!" She jammed her mouth against mine, her tongue darting between my lips as she kissed me furiously.

My story had turned her on! *How weird*, I thought. Then I reconsidered, thinking how popular girl-on-girl porn was. Guys got off on seeing women together. What was so strange about women digging it the other way around?

Cassie didn't give me much chance to contemplate the idea further, and I didn't care anymore anyway. We kissed wildly. She was tugging at my clothes, her fingers tearing at my fly. My cock surged as I pulled off her blouse and she whipped away her skirt. My jeans went flying, and we soon were naked together on my bed.

She was a beautiful creature, bursting with unbridled sexuality. Her smooth skin had a fine olive tint to it, and that night her nipples were stiff and dark, perfectly capping those perky tits of hers. Every inch of her was trim and toned, her tummy as tight as a drum. Swimming and jogging had given her legs a lithe firmness. She kept her pussy shaved, and her gleaming lips were smooth and succulent.

And her ass—it was two perfect hemispheres of luscious female flesh. I had long dreamed of slipping my cock between those cheeks, of sinking my throbbing cockhead into the waiting ring, feeling the clutch of her passageway, watching my shaft vanish into that fantastic wonderland.

"I LOOKED DOWN IN WONDER TO SEE MY COCK TOTALLY BURIED IN HER ASS."

Cassie took hold of my cock, squeezing me urgently. I slipped a hand between her legs and stroked her wet lips. Her pussy was already flowing, and I delved my fingers inside, feeling the oily readiness of her and making her moan. Her clit was already swollen, and when I ran my fingers over it, her hips jerked. Her hand worked my cock with a slow, sensual rhythm.

Excitement hummed within me. I was on the brink of an experience that I knew would stay with me a long time. I was immensely grateful that I would have it with this woman. I hadn't bull-shitted Cassie in any way. I had real feelings for her, and we were finally going to cross into that ultimate intimacy.

Still gripping my straining cock, she panted, "I want this nice, fat dick in my ass, Kyle."

I lunged for the nightstand drawer and snatched the lube. My hands were shaking, and Cassie gently took the tube from me.

Obviously, she had more experience at this than I did, or she wouldn't have formed her rule about no first-timers. She squirted the clear lube onto her fingers, and then she got onto her knees on the bed, facing away from me.

Cassie reached behind and daubed the goo onto her asshole. Completely rapt, I watched her slender fingers smear the stuff around. She even sank her fingertips inside herself, sliding them delicately in and out of her tight back entrance while groaning softly. When she was done, her crimped ring glimmered.

She looked back over her shoulder at me, waiting on her hands and knees. Waiting for my cock, which was diamond-hard.

"Give it to me, Kyle. Give it to me up the ass."

I'd fucked her doggy-style any number of times, of course, so it wasn't alien at all to move in behind her. I got up on my knees, my cock poised over

her sumptuous rump. Only this time I wasn't going to pound her pussy.

I set my cockhead against her lubed hole. There was almost a sense of ceremony as I applied the first soft forward pressure. At first I was just pressing against an ungiving entrance. Then her pucker started to spread. I slid in incrementally.

Her butt hole seemed to open suddenly and took hold of the swollen knob of my cockhead. But really I'd already spent several minutes just getting this far. I was happy to go slow; I knew she needed to adjust as we went.

Pleasure raked through my body, and I felt sweat beading on my forehead. My hands lay spread on the gorgeous curves of her ass. She had accommodated the crown of my cock. I felt the tight grip of her, and she was breathing steadily, audibly. I was hyper-aware of her responses, ready to pause or retreat if she gave the sign.

"More," she said in a husky voice. "Give me more."

A grin stretched my face, and I thrust slowly forward. My veiny shaft was sinking into her deeper. It was a different angle than fucking her pussy, and that variation sent fresh shivers of excitement through me. There was the feeling of the forbidden about this, even though she'd consented to it.

I slid another inch of myself inside. Her lube-gleaming hole clutched me greedily. I saw her fingers digging into the sheets, and I stopped.

"More," she said again. "Don't stop!"

I realized she wasn't doing me some special favor here. This wasn't an empty act on her part—she liked it! She let out a moan of raw pleasure as I pushed myself all the way in. I looked down in dumbstruck wonder to see my cock totally buried in her ass.

"It's good, Kyle. Oh! It feels so damn good. Now fuck me! Fuck my ass!"

I held her ripe butt firmly in my hands and started stroking into her. Her lubed channel continued to grasp me exquisitely. I rose up higher on my knees, driving my cock into her.

I remained conscientious, though, observing her reactions. However, she was clearly loving it, her head whipping from side to side in that familiar excited way. She was pushing back against my thrusts, taking me as deeply as she could. And if I had any last doubts, she growled, "Yeah! That feels so fucking good! Pound my ass, Kyle!"

I grinned again and hammered into her, enjoying the sight of her ass and her body rippling. I felt sweat on my back and saw some gleaming on hers. When she glanced over her shoulder, I briefly caught the blaze of her dark eyes. I knew that look. It's how her face got when she was in the throes of her craziest sexual ecstasy.

Her hands clawed at the bed. I slammed my cock again and again into her ass. My balls smacked her slit. My fingers went white where they gripped her taut flesh. A great final fiery pleasure was welling up from the depths of my being.

Cassie was quaking, and she tossed back her head and let loose with a howl of carnal rapture. I could almost see her climax consuming her, spilling across every part of her body like a visible energy.

At the peak of her cry, I went over the edge. My balls clenched and started unloading. Bliss exploded in my skull, then washed down through me. My spunk shot in thick jets, each explosion wrenching fantastically powerful joy from me. I shot every bit of my load into Cassie's ass.

Eventually I slid out of her, and we held one another, lying together. I kissed her softly and thanked her.

And now I can't wait to do it again!

–K.S., via email

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

NAUGHTY NYMPH

LILY IS A NATURAL WONDER—A SUN-DAPPLED SLYPH WHO HAS NOTHING TO HIDE.

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CARNALCOPIA

ROLLER SEX

I wanted to show the hot new skater on our roller derby squad who was boss. Or maybe I just wanted her. Or both.

Mina was a taut and muscular redhead, but she was so nimble on the track she made skating look like ballet. Not that she wasn't an aggressive blocker or a brutal jammer. She was the star of our team and performed both those roles admirably. I had to give it to her.

But I also wanted to give her my tongue in her pussy and a finger up her tight asshole. I wanted to maul her perky tits and ride her sassy mouth until I was pouring my juice all over her face.

Roller derby isn't for the timid. Our ragtag group of college girls took a lot of pride in the sport. I'd been doing it for two seasons while I juggled a full load of classes at the university, and I'd emerged as one of the best players. But Mina, with her spiky red hair and impish leer, seemed to take pleasure in showing me up at practice.

We skated on a flat track, in one of the big gymnasium buildings on campus. One day at practice I was determined to keep up with Mina, to outperform her in fact. We all hit the track in our skating gear, including knee pads and elbow pads. We wore snug sports pants and jerseys—except for Mina. Instead of pants, she was wearing bikini bottoms that gripped her tight butt so close I could plainly see the sweet crack of her ass outlined against the fabric.

I was in great physical condition, without an ounce of fat on my toned body. I skated like I'd been born to it, able to maneuver and hit the track's curves at high speed.

Practice meant repetition, just running through all the moves over and over again. Round and round that track. Mina kept hopping out directly ahead of me.

Every time she was in front of me, she waggled that backside, teasing and taunting me. Some of the other girls on the squad seemed aware of it, too. They snickered. I got more and more pissed off, even though the sight of that taut behind also made my mouth water.

Mina looked back and wagged her tongue at me. I put on a burst of speed and caught up. I knocked into her, but she kept her balance and bumped me back. We did that all the way around the track, stopping just short of fisticuffs.

Finally, the practice session ended, and the other women left for the showers and whatever else they had to do that day. I didn't have any more classes. My blood was still up. I'd figured on following Mina into the showers and doing...well, I wasn't quite sure what. I liked looking at her when she was soapy and wet. I had some vague fantasy about wrestling her down onto the shower tiles and climbing naked on top of her.

But she stayed on the track, so I did, too. Now it was just the two of us. The sounds of our skates were ghostly in the empty building. I figured we would resume our roughhousing play, which was actually good practice.

Mina jumped out ahead of me yet again, and I was staring at that ripe little butt of hers. She turned her head and gave me a devilish grin. Then she tugged on the side tie of her bikini bottoms, and suddenly the little pennant of cotton was flapping behind her.

Instinctively, I grabbed it in midair. My eyes bugged. Bare-assed, she skated on. As she went into the turn, she lifted her muscled arms and peeled the jersey off herself. Her firm tits bounced lusciously as she came around the curve.

Fiery heart-racing desire tore through me. I couldn't believe how hot that little bitch looked in nothing but skates and protective gear. Her ass flexed, her limbs moved like oiled machine parts. My pussy flowed with needy dampness. I raised her bikini bottoms to my face and inhaled her scent deeply. Mina grinned at that and put her hands on her tits, squeezing the pert flesh, tweaking her own nipples.

I sucked on the crotch of her bikini bottoms, getting a faint taste of pussy, then tossed them away. I wanted the real thing. The time for games was over. I cut across the center of the playing field, stopping directly in front of her.

Mina, still grinning, veered toward the padded benches where players sat when they weren't on the track. She glided over, turned and sat, spreading her legs and showing me her sweet hairless pussy.

Shivering with anticipatory lust, I skated over. I dropped to one knee to unlace my skates.

"No," Mina said. "Leave your skates on, like me."

I felt a rush of arousal. I don't know why that idea turned me on so much. Maybe we shared some weird fetish known only to roller derby players. But Mina's eyes glittered hungrily as I removed my jersey, then carefully worked my stretch pants off over my skates.

I was still kneeling before the padded bench where Mina sat with spread legs. I leaned forward to kiss her. Before I could reach her, she grabbed my face in both her strong hands and mashed her mouth savagely against mine.

It was a fierce kiss. She pressed my lips hard against my teeth. I met her tongue with mine. I took hold of her shoulders, feeling the sweat on her skin. A tantalizing aroma rose from her body, a smell of exertion and arousal. I still had the faint taste of her pussy in my mouth from sucking on her bikini bottoms. Now was time for the true flavor of her.

"HER FLAVOR STUNG ME, AND I QUESTED DEEPER, SCOOPING THE HONEY OUT."

I grabbed her tits and squeezed, as she did the same to me. My nipples were fiercely hard, and she pinched them, twisting the sensitive buds until I cried out with pleasure. I bent and licked her throat. Then I sucked her tit, closing my teeth on the stiff nipple. Her hands raked through my blonde hair, pulling me tighter against her.

I kissed my way down her flat belly. She slouched back onto the bench, thrusting her pussy outward. I lowered my mouth hungrily toward it. Her lips were glistening. Her hips were already bucking as I swiped my tongue up the slit, getting that first electric taste of her cunt and feeling pleasure burn within me.

Licking deeper, I felt her clit pulsing against my tongue. She humped against my face. Her hands caught my hair again, and she jammed herself on my mouth. All the aggression we'd shown on the track had neatly translated itself into urgent desire.

Slurping and lapping, I brought her to the brink of a climax, then I slipped a finger up into her quivering asshole. I buried it deep, using her over-flowing pussy juices for lube. Mina went crazy. She thrashed on the bench, letting out a wild cry of ecstasy.

She pumped her hot sauce into my eager mouth. Her asshole squeezed my finger like a fist. Slowly, I slid it out of her and stood up, meaning to mash my streaming pussy against her face. But again she beat me to the punch, like we were still competing.

Mina seized my trim hips, spun me in a 180 on my skates and pulled apart my ass cheeks. I felt her warm wet tongue on my asshole and let out a yelp of surprise and happiness. I bent forward,

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resting my palms on my knee pads. I thrust my butt back against her mouth and let the sweet bitch rim me.

Pleasure consumed my body, and gooseflesh stood out on my arms. As she tongued my dark hole, her fingers slipped up between my legs. She caressed my pussy lips, parting them, while I shivered with growing sexual joy. She delved inside me and stroked my throbbing clit.

I grunted like a barbarian and came furiously. Sensations rippled outward from both my holes, filling my being with bliss. Sweat dripped off the end of my nose, and every muscle and tendon in me buzzed with delight.

Turning around, I found Mina panting. Her eyes sparkled, and I saw she'd fingered herself to another climax with her free hand while she was doing me.

"Lay down," I told her. "I'm on top." She could make of that what she wanted. I wasn't so interested right now in our game of domineering trackmanship. I just wanted to taste her again as quickly as possible.

She lay back lengthwise on the padded bench. I climbed up and lay down in the opposite direction on top of her body. I'd never been in a 69 with anybody wearing roller skates. It was luridly exciting, like we were half-mechanical somehow.

I put my head down between her outspread legs, this time taking her delectable cunt from above. Mina closed her hands over the firm swells of my ass and drew my pussy to her mouth and tongue.

"I MOANED BLISSFULLY AGAINST HER PUSSY. HER JUICES COVERED MY FACE."

We started our mutual muff munch.

Her hairless slit parted for the avid rudder of my tongue. I smeared my nose in her wetness. Her flavor stung me again, and I quested deeper, scooping the honey out of her and savoring it as I swallowed.

She'd drawn up her legs, and her skates were on either side of my head. I had her skull locked in with my skates in similar fashion. I could smell the faint odor of burned rubber off her wheels and caught a whiff of her leather laces as I continued to slurp at her pussy.

Her tongue stabbed up into me, and my hips jerked helplessly. I ground my cunt down on her open mouth, and she impaled me all the deeper, occasionally nibbling delicately on my clit, which sent waves of rapture through me. I moaned blissfully against her pussy. Her juices covered the lower half of my face.

Mina was quaking underneath me, and I was bucking madly on top of her. At virtually the same instant, we each let loose our final spill of joy juice—out of the pussy, into the mouth, like we were carefully trading equal quantities of the precious stuff. Pleasure spun me, and I felt like we were still going around the track, the endless circle. I whirled and whirled through that crazy orgasm.

Then Mina was slipping out from beneath me. Dazed, I felt her tugging on my arm. I slipped up onto my skates, the balance as natural as ever.

She grinned at me with her wet mouth. She said, "One more time around?"

And around the track we went, hand-in-hand and buck-ass naked, skater sisters forever.

–V.M., via email

FALLING

Last September, as the weather turned and showed the first hints of fall, Marissa and I would walk the trail. It was right near our dive apartment off campus. Our classwork was light at the beginning of the semester, and we liked to stroll in our free time. Some days it was too warm, but some days it was cool enough that we held hands and glanced up at the trees to see if the leaves had started to change yet.

"Oh, look at this," she said one afternoon.

We were both done with classes for the day. It was still slightly warm, and the trail, for whatever reason, was deserted.

"What's this?" I peered over her shoulder as she took a swig out of her water bottle.

"A new pavilion, tables and some benches. Let's check it out."

I followed her as she stepped onto the concrete pad and examined the facilities.

"Look at the benches. Pretty lux," I said dropping onto one and sprawling out. It almost held my full height of six-foot-three.

She looked down at me, shaking her head but smiling. "You're a goof."

"Come on. Come see. It's sturdy and new, and—oooh—chilly!" I shivered playfully since the pavilion's roof cast a dark shadow, a harsh contrast to the warm sun that had been beating down on us.

She shook her head. "I don't want to break a new bench."

"It's steel. I don't think you're gonna break it. Even when you're coupled with me." I grabbed her wrist and tugged her toward me.

She came, putting up a playful fight but advancing nonetheless.

She plopped down, and I yanked her gently until she spread her body over mine the way she did when we were in bed.

"Am I heavy?"

Per usual, I rolled my eyes and groaned. "Never."

She rested her head on my chest, and we listened to the birds.

"See, it's a ritzy bench. Only the finest, broadest, strongest benches for our trail."

"I can't believe how deserted it is out here today," she murmured.

"Me either. But it is on the warm side. People want the leaves to change and the chill to come."

She played along. "They want to wear sweaters and boots."

"And hold mugs of hot beverages in their gloved hands."

Marissa laughed. "You're a goof."

"Kiss me."

She kissed me, and then surprised me by sliding her hand along the front of my jeans and dragging down the zipper.

"Hey, now."

"Hush," she said. "Let me take advantage of you."

I watched her as she moved over me. She drew my cock from my pants and wrapped her lips around the head. Her mouth was silken and hot, and I groaned. Her action was very unexpected, and somehow that made what had always been amazing even more so.

She looked up at me, staring into my eyes as she sucked me. Her small hand moved up and down my shaft, gripping me tightly. She swirled her tongue around my tip, licking me in a way that stole my breath.

She pulled away to ask, "Is this okay?"

I barked laughter. "Yeah, I think."

I took hold of her dark braids, tugging the twin tails and using them as a lead to draw her down onto my length. She relaxed her throat, and I came in a rush, making noises like I was a beast of the forest. I drove up from beneath her, yanking her hair, and surrendered to the pleasure. I hadn't expected that moment. It hadn't lasted long, but I'd enjoyed every second of it.

She laughed softly and moved up to give me a peck on the cheek.

"Let's finish our walk."

I was still catching my breath, but I played along.

We righted our disheveled clothes, and I held her hand in mine as we re-emerged onto the sun-dappled trail.

As we walked, I leaned over to whisper in her ear, "Tomorrow we come back, and you're on the bottom. I get to give you a little something-something."

"Only if it's deserted like today," she responded.

"We'll keep our fingers crossed."

The next day, our workload was light once again, and we were up for another hike. The trail seemed deserted.

"I think this looks promising," I said, leaning in to kiss her neck.

"Hush."

"Oh, no. I mean it. I haven't seen a single person. Not one. And it's very warm again today. When we hit our sex pavilion—"

"Sex pavilion!"

"Exactly." I squeezed her hand.

"You're filthy."

I reached down and squeezed her ass. She has the best fucking ass. "You know it. And you love it."

I squeezed again, and she giggled.

I grabbed her hair in my hand and propelled her toward a thin birch. I pressed her against the peeling bark and leaned in close. I closed my teeth against the back of her neck and bit. She sighed,

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rearing back so her ass met my crotch.

"You love it, you bad girl. You love it."

Her voice was breathy when she answered, "I do."

I kept her facing the tree, wrapped my arms around her waist and nibbled where her shoulder met her neck. When I felt her bristle, I reached up to cup her tits in my hands. Her nipples were impossibly hard, like diamonds, pressed to the front of her shirt.

I nipped her neck, and she whimpered. I knew damn well beneath her purple running shorts her pussy would be drenched. She loved the teeth, the slight hair pulls, the manhandling. And she loved it even more when there was a very slight chance we could get caught by passersby.

"Now put some pep in that step," I said against her earlobe. As I spoke, I reached down to rub a finger along the cleft of her pussy lips, pushing her panties and her shorts against her, no doubt, swollen nub.

"Okay."

We reached the pavilion in no time. It was deserted, exactly as it had been the day before. "Your turn, baby," I whispered in her ear.

I laid her out on the bench, assuring her that I'd keep an ear out for anyone coming our way.

"Plus, we're below eye level from the trail. Anyone would have to literally walk into the pavilion.

She didn't look convinced.

"Will you feel better if you can keep a lookout?" I asked.

She nodded.

She sat up on the bench, and I nodded toward her shorts. "Off with them."

She stripped out of them and her panties as well, using the clothes as a cushion for her seat. That made me laugh.

"You can never be too careful," she said, giving me a shy smile.

I knocked her thighs apart with my hand, and she gasped. I pried her legs wider with my hands, clutching them tightly and making her moan. She liked a firm grip.

I lowered my head and sucked her clit, nudging the tip with my tongue. She arched her back and pushed her pussy against my mouth. Marissa liked me to go at her hard right out of the gate. No nuzzling, no gentleness, no finesse.

I pushed a finger inside her and felt her cunt grip me greedily. I added a second digit and continued to suck her clitoris, drawing on the tiny nub until she released a low, hearty groan.

"That's it," I whispered, pausing to kiss the insides of her soft thighs. I continued to fuck her with my fingers while teasing her thighs with little love bites. She wore short socks with her running shoes. They bore the likeness of our college's mascot, and he leered at me from her sock tops like he was watching us.

I returned my attention to her pussy, giving her good, hard licks and a nibble or two. My fingers curled inside her, and I felt the give of her most tender places under my fingers.

"I'm going to come," she whispered, digging her hands into my hair and tugging until my eyes sparkled with unshed tears.

"No, you're not. Not yet."

She groaned. Sometimes I tell her she can't come. Because then once I tell her to go for it, it she damn near shakes to her core.

"That's my girl. Don't you dare come."

She whimpered, her hips shifting on the bench.

I pushed my fingers deep and started to attack her clit again. I drew on it softly, then I gave it a hard suck. I alternated until her toes were tapping on the ground near my knees. She was practically climbing out of her skin.

I added a third finger, and when her sweet little pussy spread for me easily, I was the one to groan. I thrust deep and whispered against her soft pussy lips, "Come."

And she did, stifling the noise with her hand. It was the sexiest thing in the world, her bottling up that wonderful cry as her body trembled and shook and her cunt let loose a rush of fluid over my fingers.

"Hurry," she said, standing quickly. She

walked around to the back of the bench and braced herself against the top of the backrest. I didn't ask why. I wasn't a fool.

I moved behind her, dropped my shorts and grabbed her hips. She angled her round, perky ass so that I could drag my cockhead along her wet split. She moaned and pressed back against me, forcing the head of my cock into her drenched opening.

"Hurry," she said again. The breathiness of her voice turned me on to no end. There were still no sounds except birds and small things in the underbrush. We were alone again. A miracle.

I pushed into her slowly, watching her pussy take my cock. I studied that heart-shaped ass and the small of her back where she was ticklish if I touched her softly.

She growled and forced herself back on my dick. I stopped waxing poetic and fucked her. I held her hips and drove into her nice and deep. She squeezed her cunt around me, and I moaned low and deep, trying to keep myself under control just in case.

I felt her snug sheath growing tight as she inched closer to another climax. She reached down and started to stroke her clit. I banged her madly, trying to hold on, but I was a goner when she came again suddenly.

"Oh, fuck," she whispered, as her spasming pussy milked my dick. "Jesus Christ."

I came, swallowing a bellow by biting the inside of my cheek instead.

It was then that we heard footsteps on the trail. Laughter. The distinct sound of people making noise as they headed our way.

She giggled. "At least they're not the quiet ones who sneak around so they don't scare the squirrels. Then we'd be fucked."

I kissed her and whispered in her ear. "Some of us just were."

–B.H., Concord, New Hampshire

"SHE SWIRLED HER TONGUE, LICKING ME IN A WAY THAT STOLE MY BREATH."

ROOMMATES

My roommate, Kristy, had a date and would likely be out all night. With no plans of my own, I decided to indulge in a rare evening of my favorite guilty-pleasure porn with my vibrator at the ready.

Oral sex has always been one of my favorite sexual acts, especially if I'm on the receiving end. Watching a seriously sexy woman go to town on her equally hot friend's pussy always left my own body strung tight and aching for attention. As I focused on the horny ladies on my computer screen, I reached for my vibrator and placed it on the lowest setting before bringing it to my slit.

The bell-shaped tip stimulated my clit until I could feel the buzz spreading across my body. I rolled the vibrator over the sensitive bud, carefully working myself into a frenzy. Familiarity with my body makes it possible to knock out quick, satisfying orgasms in rapid succession. I was so close to coming for the first time when I heard the creak of the hinges on the dorm-room door. The door that happened to sit directly opposite my bed.

Kristy stood at the threshold. I froze like a deer in the headlights. Seconds of shocked silence felt like much longer. Then Kristy shut the door and started walking toward me.

Mortified, I quickly pulled the sheets over my exposed crotch.

"No, don't stop," Kristy said. An adorable blush bloomed on her dimpled cheeks. "Why should both of our evenings be a bust?" She peeled back the sheets and curled her fingers around the base of the vibrator that still hummed against my pussy. Her fingers twisted the dial to turn up the speed, making my eyes roll back into my head.

The mattress sagged as she took a seat next to me. Her long eyelashes fanned across her cheek when she averted her gaze from mine.

"You don't mind if I join you tonight… do you?"

My Friday night suddenly became a lot more interesting. Before I could formulate a response, the vibrator slid along my slit and circled my entrance. The sensations were different than the ones that rang through my clit. My body responded greedily. Every nerve seemed to scream for more–for penetration.

Finally, Kristy slid the vibrator inside, drawing a groan from me. The pulsing sensations of the vibe mingled perfectly with her hard thrusts. The toy rubbed against a sweet spot inside my pussy,

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↘ CARNALCOPIA

and I groaned again. My hips rocked into Kristy's rhythm, eagerly taking every inch of the toy.

Restless energy surged through my muscles. Every part of me was strung incredibly tight. My legs shook, twitching from the tension. Pleasure made talking nearly impossible, but I wanted to answer her question, so I forced myself to whisper, "I'd love it if you joined me."

"I was hoping you'd say that," she responded with a purr, plunging the vibrator even deeper into my core. She twisted the shaft as it entered me, nudging it against that elusive oh-my-God spot inside. My lower lip trembled, and I tugged it between my teeth to anchor myself.

Though I was already fighting to catch my breath as erotic vibrations rippled through my body, Kristy seemed to think I required even more stimulation.

Stars burst before my eyes and I nearly shot off the bed when she pressed her fingers against my clit. Sensation overwhelmed me. My hips rocked toward her touch, demanding more of the intoxicating caresses she was delivering.

Another flick of her finger over my clit offered an enticing taste of oblivion. I angled my hips to increase the pressure. At the same time the vibrator tilted inside my pussy, connecting with that sweet spot again.

"THE LINE BETWEEN PAIN AND PLEASURE BLURRED AS MY PUSSY SPASMED."

It was a combination that had an explosive impact.

The line between pain and pleasure blurred as my pussy spasmed around the vibrator. It was the sweetest torture. Almost impossible to take, but somehow nowhere near enough. Every contraction stoked the dull ache inside me, fanning the flames of desire even higher. I'd never experienced such a desperate need that seemed near impossible to fulfill.

A trickle of arousal leaked from my pussy. The fluid tickled my over-sensitized flesh as it lubricated my delicate cleft. Kristy's finger gathered the moisture and spread it along the swollen lips of my sex, which were stretched by the toy.

"You look delicious," she whispered.

The pad of Kristy's thumb circled my clit, ripping a groan from me. My back arched off the bed while my hips ground against her hand. "First, I'm going to make you come on this pink, glittery cock," she said with lust coloring her voice. "And then I'm going to lick you until you come like a fountain."

As if on cue, a wild orgasm rocked my body. Tremors rolled over me in endless waves, tensing and relaxing the muscles in a dizzying rhythm.

Gradually, I regained my senses, panting in an effort to catch my breath.

"That's one orgasm," she said as she slid the big vibrator from my pussy. "Let's see how many more I can make you have with my mouth."

Her lips latched onto my clit and sucked the delicate bud so intensely my ass lifted off the bed. My head rolled from side to side on the pillow. It was my body's desperate attempt to get myself back under control. But I was failing.

Kristy was dedicated to driving me wild. My breath came out in a hiss when her teeth dragged across my clit. The primitive action renewed my desire and made me desperate for more.

I wound my fingers through Kristy's hair at the roots, pulling her face flush against my pussy. A low rumble in her chest vibrated against my clit and made me groan. My thighs hugged her head, my muscles twitching with the unspent energy of another oncoming orgasm.

While Kristy's mouth worked my clit, her finger toyed with my entrance. She swirled the pooling moisture around my delicate opening. My hips rose to meet Kristy's digit as her tongue continued to rain little flicks against my clit. Finally, her finger slipped inside me, and I moaned loudly. My pussy walls pulsated, contracting and rippling around the invader. Then she added another finger, stretching me even tighter.

The effect was maddening. With two fingers inside me and Kristy's lips locked around my clit, a second orgasm wasn't

just a possibility, it was inevitable. In fact, it was roaring toward me like a freight train. The familiar tremble of pleasure rocked my muscles until my body shook from the force of my impending ecstasy.

When her tongue flicked against my clit, I was a goner. A scream rang in my ears. It took me a moment to realize that the sound came from me. That exclamation was the only thing keeping me grounded while an orgasm roared through my body and stole my breath. I struggled to absorb all the pleasure that had me tingling from my head to my toes.

My roommate and I had crossed the line from friends to lovers.

That simple thought stoked the fire inside me, taking me even higher. My hips bucked against Kristy's lips, grinding into her in an effort to eke out the last moments of my bliss.

Even as my body shook, Kristy continued to eat me with enthusiasm. She crooked the finger inside me and massaged me hard, managing to draw my orgasm out longer than I ever could have thought possible. My contracting muscles gripped her digit again, but this time when I bucked I felt a warm rush of liquid flow between my legs.

Panting, I sagged into the comfort of the massage for a moment, willing my heartbeat to return to a normal rate. I finally relaxed, and Kristy pulled away from me. When I opened my eyes I found her reclined on the opposite side of the bed. Her skirt was flipped up over her stomach, revealing a bare pussy.

Kristy toyed with the vibrator, rolling it in her hands before lifting it to her lips. She swirled her tongue over the head of the thick pink shaft.

"Mmm, tasty," she purred. "But now it's my turn."

She pressed the vibrator to her entrance, barely hesitating before burying it to the hilt. Another twinge of desire stirred inside me. I wanted to give Kristy the same delirious pleasure she'd bestowed upon me.

I crawled to where she lay on the bed and ran my hands along her inner thighs. Her legs fell open even wider for me, framing the pussy she was fucking with abandon. My mouth watered. I wanted to taste that pussy.

I leaned over Kristy and flicked my tongue across her clit. Once. Twice. The third time her hips rose off the bed.

"More," she screamed.

Her desperation spurred me onward. I lavished her clit with quick little strokes like a cat lapping at cream. Occasionally, I would feel the mild buzz of the vibrator echoing from her skin to my lips.

Then I closed my lips around Kristy's clit and sucked. Her hips bucked violently against my mouth. Moans gave way to throaty screams as Kristy came apart beneath my tongue.

The musky scent of Kristy's juice was overwhelming. I wanted to bottle it and bathe in it. Since neither was an option, I just kept licking, content to surround myself with her scent for as long as conceivably possible.

Another flick of my tongue made Kristy's tremors even more intense. When her cries finally quieted and the shaking ceased, I pressed a final kiss to her clit and sat up on the bed.

Kristy was staring at me from beneath her lowered lashes. Her chest rose and fell rapidly with every breath. She licked her lips before whispering, "This semester is starting to look a lot better."

Later that evening Kristy asked me to be her fuck buddy for the long term. It was an offer I absolutely could not refuse.

–W.D., via email

Life, like sex, is uncertain business. You never know what you're going to find. Same goes for Carnalcopia, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course, you'll have to send it to us first! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

WILD & WICKED

EMILY AND JAYDEN LEFT THE OFFICE PARTY
FOR A PRIVATE CELEBRATION.

"SEXUAL HEALING IS THE BEST KIND OF MEDICINE!"

—JAYDEN

TOP 10

WITH AIDRA & CHARLOTTE

TOP 10 COLLEGE SEX TIPS

10. Never regret a one-night stand.
9. Great sex can happen anywhere.
8. Skipping that class to hook up will be worth it in the end.
7. Screwing in an XL twin will make you appreciate a bigger bed.
6. You'll learn a lot from sleeping with your professor.
5. Talking dirty helps you get what you really want.
4. Put down your phone and connect in person.
3. Some of the hottest sex is meaningless sex.
2. Jumping in bed on a first date isn't a dealbreaker.
1. The only sex rule is that there are no sex rules.

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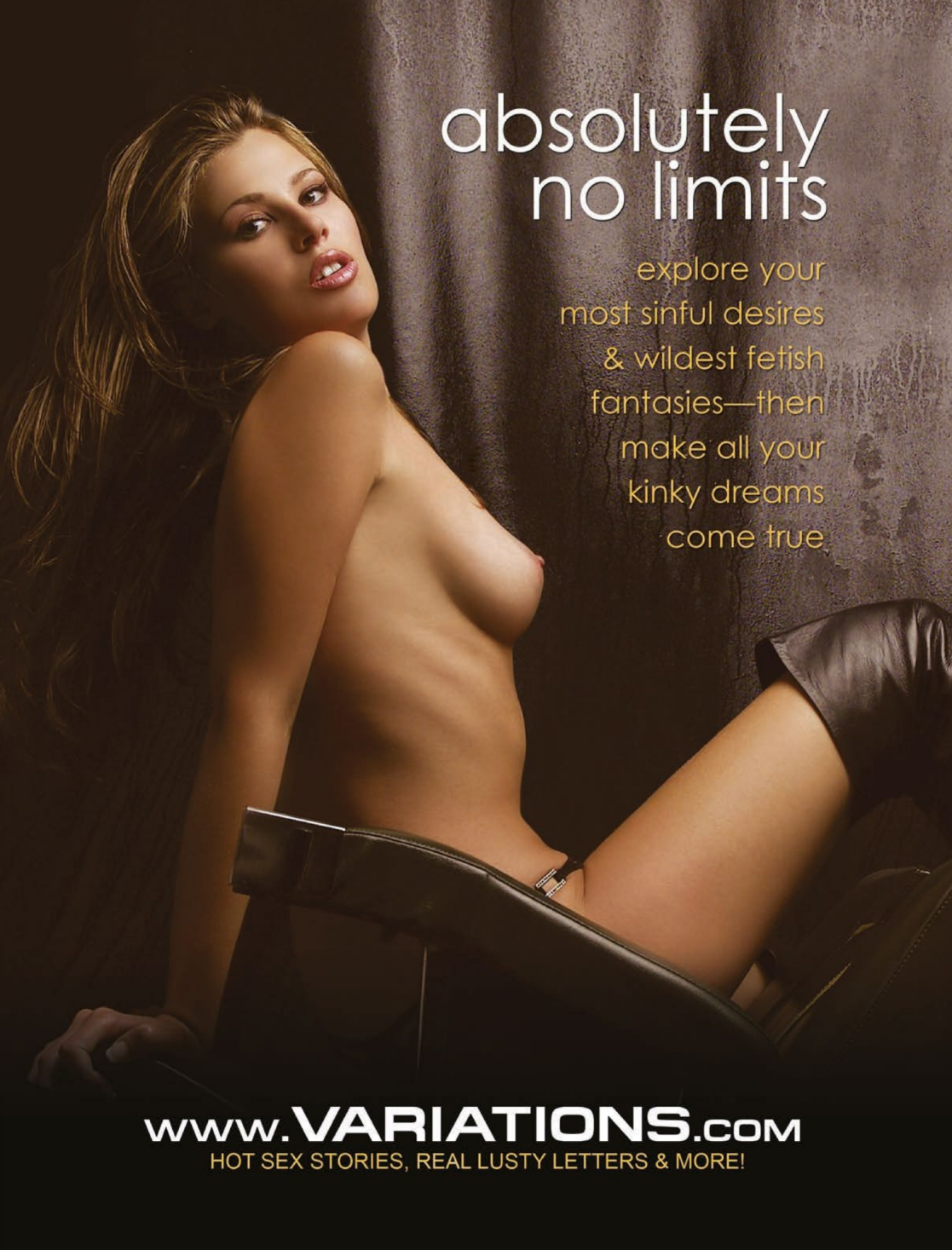
BOUND TO PLEASE

SLUTTY SHOWOFF FINALLY SUBMITS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PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

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VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

FALL and fetishism seem to go hand-in-hand as those first hints of autumn call kinksters to break out their leathers.

To welcome the season, we've assembled a collection of wild thrills—including reader letters about cross-dressing, spanking, role-playing and more!

Polly Young gets playful in "Ahoy, Honey!" as she and her co-worker engage in a brash buccaneer fantasy that turns their costume shop into a hot hookup on the high seas. While Stella Winterson's "Tricks & Treats" features a crafty top who teaches his sassy showoff about admiring the world around her—instead of always taking center stage.

Wide World of Variations stars some savvy college students who discover friends can become lovers, others who realize the pervy potential in erotic eavesdropping, and a cougar who learns plenty from a young admirer.

Have you had a kinky adventure so good it deserves to be shared? Tell us about it! Send your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

–The Editors

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Skin Diamond by Steve Diet Goedde

LADIES FIRST

I had no idea I was into cross-dressing until Halloween. Up until then, I hadn't realized I would be excited by the way a pair of silk stockings would feel against my skin or about how much I'd be into shaving myself until my body was totally smooth and bare, or about what it would be like to slip on satin panties over my stiff cock.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It happened because of a simple suggestion. Sophie, who is one of my coworkers, said that all she'd ever wanted to do for Halloween was dress up as a man, but she hadn't worked up the nerve.

"Why would you need nerve?" I asked her.

Sophie shrugged and said, "Well, do you think I could do it? I'd really want to fool people."

I eyed her. She's nearly as tall as me, which puts her at just shy of six feet. She has a lean body and long legs, but not much in the tits department. She's beautiful, though, her face stunning enough to turn heads.

"You're too pretty," I said, staring at her high cheekbones and those outrageously large green eyes.

"I've never thought of that as a bad thing."

I was the one to shrug now. "You're too pretty to be a guy."

"You're pretty, too," she said, catching me off guard. "And you seem to do just fine."

We stared at each other for a minute, and I could almost feel her sizing me up the way I was sizing her. If she wore a beard, I thought, something scruffy—a goatee, maybe. If she slicked back her hair and put on a suit. Possibly. Maybe from the right angle. Perhaps…

She said, "You wouldn't need much."

"What do you mean?"

"To be a woman. A padded bra. High heels. Stockings. You're pretty close."

For some reason, the way she said "stockings" made my dick hard. I was also feeling fairly turned on by the way she was looking at me, in a partially clinical yet deeply interested manner. So I said, "You talk as if you're serious."

"I am serious."

We eyed each other for another long beat. I wondered if she could tell my dick was erect. I had no idea whether her pussy was wet or not, but the thought of finding out had me searching for a way to get back to my place or her place. Some place other than the office.

Suddenly, the two of us were naked together in my head. Then mentally, I was dressing her and she was dressing me. The dirty images were coming almost too fast for me to contain.

"SHE BEGAN SUCKING MY COCK, AND I WAS BUCKING UP TOWARD HER FACE."

"I'm game if you're game," I said, and I was pleased that my voice didn't give me away. I sounded as if the whole thing was a lark. Like, "Let's see if we can fool everyone," and not, "Let's cross-dress and fuck like fiends."

She said, "We'd shock the hell out of everyone."

That's how we found ourselves at her place, going through her closet to see what she had that might fit me. I'd brought over an old suit, one I hadn't worn for years. Something I'd fit into in my more slender college days. We would have to have the pants hemmed. The jacket slightly altered. She could wear one of my ties. We had a friend who could do the makeup for her—someone who worked in theater.

I was more difficult to dress. Sophie pulled out a stretchy lilac number that she thought might work. The dress hit her at the knees. It was a little shorter on me—and terribly snug in the most delightful way.

"Your dick is hard," she observed with a casual elegance, the way someone might observe that it was raining outside.

"So it is."

"Why do you think you're hard?" she asked, again in an almost offhanded manner.

I took a deep breath and thought about the right response. "The way you're dressing me up is turning me on," I said, and that was as honest as I could possibly be.

That was the night we took things to the next level of our relationship. But not until she had me fully in drag. She was totally into the whole experience. She messed with my hair. She applied my makeup. She let me stretch a pair of her panties with my thick cock.

When we were man to woman—his to hers—in reverse, we started making out. I kissed her firmly, paying careful attention to the way her lips felt on mine. But there was more to this kiss than any other first kiss I'd ever engaged in. I was wearing makeup! The sensation of the gloss enhanced the romance of the kiss for me. I could have made out with her for hours. But then she moved us forward. It was as if she really was taking a male role, a dominant posture. She danced me to the bed and then spread me out. For a moment, she simply observed me.

"I never thought…I never imagined that you could be…"

"What?" I asked, my voice a hush. Not feminine, but not the normal way I spoke, either. I sounded slightly submissive, very sensual. A bit breathy. I liked everything about the way this game was going.

"So beautiful," she finished, and then she stalked toward me, and her hands were everywhere at once, stroking me through the dress, then pulling down the neckline so she could paw at my pink push-up bra. Then she caressed my waist and touched my thighs. She was careful not to stroke my dick. I noticed how she skimmed over that portion of my anatomy. Of course, the fact that she wasn't touching me there had me consumed with thoughts of what it would feel like when she finally did.

I was so excited that pre-come began to drip from my cock, making a noticeable wet spot on my pretty undies, which she saw when she hiked my dress to my waist. Her eyes lit up, and she pulled the panties down to free my erection.

My dick was as hard as wood. I watched her smile, her face smeared with my red gloss. Then she began sucking my cock, and I was bucking up toward her face. I could feel excitement flooding through me. Sure, I was in a dress, but I was still 100 percent male inside.

Sophie slickened up my shaft with her mouth before she stripped and climbed on board. I loved that she was nude while I still had on much of my feminine clothing. She spun around into a reverse cowgirl, and I felt her tickling my balls, then playing with my asshole. I grunted and shoved her even higher into the air with a forceful thrust of my hips.

"I'll get a strap-on for Halloween," she said, "to make our next time even more realistic."

"How?" I panted. "Realistic how?"

"You'll wear your dress, and I'll bend you over the bed, lube up your asshole and fuck you." That was simply stated, simply put—and those simple words made me shoot off inside her. I filled her up with my cream and felt an unimaginable release as my body was consumed by orgasm.

She climaxed soon after I did, letting me know she was all woman by squeezing my dick with her strong inner muscles. She eked out every last drop of my spunk. Then we collapsed together on the bed, both of us momentarily decimated by what we'd done, how intensely we'd fucked.

When we made love for the second time, we were nude—and I was all me once more. But it was good to know that whenever I want to, I can dress like a lady, and she'd be happy to be my man.

–R.R., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SEXY & SHINY

Patent leather turns me on. Not a little, but a whole lot.

Most of the year, I keep my fetish zipped up tight. Nobody would guess that what makes me harder than steel is a bendable, malleable fabric. It would be different, I suppose, if I was into feathers or tickling or wearing a head-to-toe gimp suit. Those fetishes are more difficult to keep under wraps, while the enjoyment of patent leather is easy (for the most part) to hide.

But on Halloween, my girlfriend dressed to thrill. She knows all about my fetish, and she had clearly decided to make my Halloween a night to remember. When I arrived home from work, she paraded in front of me—dressed entirely in patent leather.

"What are you supposed to be?" I asked, feeling almost winded by desire.

"Guess."

"A sexy witch?" My voice was a croak.

She shook her head.

"A vampire goddess?" I asked, thinking that I'd let her bite me.

Another head shake.

"A kinky cat?" She was definitely a pretty pussy.

She laughed at that. "I was sure you'd guess on the first try," she said.

She was wearing patent leather leggings. They were practically painted onto her colt-like legs. On top, she wore a patent leather bustier, formfitting and revealing at the same time, like a fashionable magic trick. The upper curves of her breasts showed above the sexy neckline. She has pale skin, and the contrast between the black material and her alabaster breasts was astonishingly

VARIATIONS

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erotic. Although she generally wears her long brown hair down past her shoulders, her curls were up, revealing a patent leather choker.

I made a deep groaning sound. I couldn't help it. Then I moved forward.

She shook her head. The look in her eyes was severe. My cock felt like it was vibrating like a tuning fork.

"On your knees," she demanded. I ought to have guessed that an outfit like that would come with its own set of rules and regulations. I would behave however she craved. I'd sign on the dotted line. I'd even use my dick if she desired.

"Follow me," she said, and she spun on one shiny stiletto and headed toward our bedroom. The clicking sound of her high-heeled boots was like a carnal drum beat. I crawled after her, thinking of all the ways I wanted to worship her. With my palms. With my tongue. With my cock.

In the bedroom, she waited until I was kneeling directly in front of her. Then she spun around so that I could take in her glossy gorgeousness from every angle. Oh, she was a vision. A shimmery, shiny, mystical vision. Would she let me start with the tips of her pointy boots? Could I lick her all over?

She shot me a half smile and then said mischievously, "Trick…or treat?"

What did that mean? What was she offering? Which answer would win me what I most craved? I took a chance, and after a moment's thought, I replied, "Treat!"

"Good answer." She grinned before pulling me to standing and rubbing her perfect body against me. My hard-on was something to be reckoned with, but she was not ready to take me for a ride. Just as quickly as she'd teased me, she stepped away so that there were several feet between the two of us.

"Tell me what you're going to do to me," she insisted.

"I'm going to lick you all over."

"Really…"

"I'm going to stroke you with the palms of my hands. I'm going to undress and press my body against yours, so that you can feel my heat through your outfit. Then I'm going to come all over you, my cream coating your clothes." It was a rush of words, an urgent mouthful, but I meant every statement.

Her eyes burned brightly. She clearly was into what I was stating. But still we were at an impasse.

"Now, what am I dressed as?" she demanded again. This was the most tantalizing torture. She made it clear that I had to guess her identity before we got down to the business of fucking. It was like a dirty, twisted version of Rumpelstiltskin. What if I was wrong? What if I never figured it out? My mind whirred.

Was she an evil queen?

A wicked fairy?

A dungeon master?

I stared at her with a mix of equal parts adoration and desperation.

My cock was so hard I could imagine it ripping through my slacks. I was dying to feel her again. My heart started to race, and my face flushed hotly. I nearly begged her to tell me.

"Guess," she murmured, and now she started to do what I was yearning to do. She stroked herself with her palms, touching her breasts, then moving lower to her pussy. I started babbling. Guessing this thing, that thing and the other thing. Failing. Fumbling. What was she? Not a cat. Not a bat. Not a witch. Not a bitch.

"Please," I said. "Let me touch you while I think."

She hesitated, and then she nodded. Sweet relief washed over me as soon as I made contact. I rubbed my palms against her. I stroked her all over. I kissed her and licked her. As I touched her, I tried to figure out who or what she was supposed to be.

"Are you a panther?" I asked.

She shook her head.

I unzipped her bustier slowly, so that her beautiful, bountiful breasts were free for me to kiss. I tugged her nipples between my teeth and she cried out my name.

"Are you a wet dream?" I asked.

"Closer," she said. "You're getting closer…"

I ran my hands along her backside and squeezed her cheeks tightly. And then a nasty idea occurred to me. I decided I would turn the tables on her, heat her up the way she was doing to me. Maybe if I brought her to the verge of orgasm, she would spill her secrets. I started to rub her pussy and her ass through her leggings. I worked her the way I know she loves, a little on the rough side. She closed her eyes and started to whimper.

I moved quicker, rubbing faster,

touching her clit the way that sends her spiraling into ecstasy. Right when I could tell she was on the cusp, I stopped what I was doing. My hands were on her, but they weren't moving any longer.

Her eyes flashed open. "Davey!" she demanded.

"What are you?" I asked her. "Who are you? Tell me, won't you?"

She unzipped my slacks, and she freed my cock. I stroked her as I had before, but this time I made her come. I felt her quiver and quake in my arms as she let me do all the things to her I had been so desperate to do, and as I shot my load all over her shiny figure, she murmured, "You want to know what I am, Davey? You want to know who I am? I'm your number-one turn-on."

And she was. And she is. And she always will be.

–D.R., via email

HER TREAT

We're not actually going to dress up, are we?" Charlie asked me.

"What do you mean? Not actually?"

"Aren't we a little too old for that?" he wanted to know.

"Too old for what? For having fun? Who's too old for having fun?"

"Costumes and makeup and wigs..."

"Oh, my!" I said.

"Well, if we're going to dress up, what are we going as? Are you going to make me do some couple's matchy-matchy thing."

I was, but I didn't need to tell him that yet. I had the feeling that as soon as he caught on to my plan, he'd be fine with the concept. In fact, I was banking on the fact that he might like our outfits so much, he wouldn't even want to go out to the Halloween party.

"So what do you have in mind?" he asked.

"Look in the closet," I said, "and see for yourself."

He looked. I actually held my breath. What if he wasn't interested in what I was interested in? What if the idea of…

I held myself totally still. I was hoping. I was wishful. How do you dress your master? How do you show your boyfriend that what you want most is for him to dress in a commanding outfit while you play the role of the brat? I'd done my best. I'd bought him a pair of black slacks and a black shirt with a black tie. I'd polished his best leather shoes. But it was what I would wear that would show him what I wanted. My outfit, cozying right up next to his, was probably best described as "slutty coed." There was a short pleated skirt and a formfitting sweater in my college colors. But the more telling accessories were the implements on the shelf above: a paddle and a pair of handcuffs.

There. I'd done it. For Halloween, I'd pulled the big reveal. Charlie turned and looked at me. The expression on his face let me know that I hadn't been incorrect in my estimation. He looked beyond interested. He looked hungry.

Charlie said, "Take your clothes and get ready in the bathroom. Meet me back here in five minutes."

I'd never heard him sound so serious before. There wasn't even the trace of a smirk on his face. I grabbed my gear and sprinted. In our bathroom, I took off my work clothes and slid into the pleated skirt. I pulled on the tight sweater without bothering with a bra. My breasts are perky. My nipples were erect. Then I slicked my hair into a high ponytail, rubbed some blush on my cheekbones and painted pink gloss on my pout.

I hurried back into the bedroom. Charlie was at the ready. He looked so handsome in his black attire, but what

"I WORKED HER THE WAY I KNOW SHE LOVES, A LITTLE ON THE ROUGH SIDE."

VARIATIONS

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"WE CONTINUED, WITH HIM SPANKING ME AND ME COUNTING EACH SWAT."

my eyes settled on was the paddle in his right hand.

Charlie didn't wait for me to tell him what I had been thinking. He didn't ask me if I had any ideas in mind. He simply said, "Bend over the bed and lift your skirt."

I did so automatically, moving without thinking. I bent and raised my hips. Then I remembered, not only had I left my bra on the floor, I'd left the panties there, too.

Charlie made a disapproving sound as he clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Naughty girl," he said. "You must really want that bottom a bright red, don't you?"

I guessed he was waiting for an answer. In a voice I didn't recognize as my own, I said, "Yes, Sir."

"I'm glad you chose a red-and-white outfit," he said. "So I can match the color of your ass to the stripes in your skirt."

Wow, he was definitely getting into the spirit of the season! When I'd gone shopping for the accessories, I'd headed to a sex toy store to select real gear. So I was pleased that he was willing to play so professionally.

His outfit really wasn't much of a costume. I couldn't decide how to dress him, so I'd went with black. My move seemed to succeed; it had put him in the proper frame of mind to make my fetish fantasy come true.

Charlie called my attention back to the present by saying, "Hold still, and count each blow."

Had he done this before with a lover? Definitely not with me, but he seemed completely at ease barking out orders. I found myself tripping over the words in my attempt to reply as he desired. Then he smacked me with the paddle for the first time, and I squeaked, "One!"

"Louder," Charlie demanded before letting a second blow even me out.

"Two!" I said, louder this time.

We continued like this, with him spanking me and me counting each swat. Then Charlie dropped the paddle and dangled the handcuffs. "What took you so long?"

Something about the ease with which he'd slipped into his role made me think he *had* done this before! My heart was racing. I wanted him to tell me stories. I wanted to know who he'd punished. Who he'd tied up. We'd never discussed this sort of thing before. But I couldn't lose time on that now.

Charlie was cuffing my wrists together and putting me on the bed face down. Then he spread my legs and was fucking me while telling me how he was going to come all over my hot ass when he was ready to blow. I knew then that we wouldn't be going out to any party in these clothes. That was okay.

I'd definitely already gotten my treat.

–E.N., San Francisco, California

Some admire the sleek beauty of a leg encased in nylon or the delicate arch of a dainty female foot. Others get a charge from a well-placed tattoo, and some simply have a passion for panties. What fans your fetish fire? Tell us all about it. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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AT HER SERVICE

DITA'S HOUSE OF DOMINATION HOLDS
MANY DEVIANT DELIGHTS!

"HAVING PRETTY LADIES AT MY BECK AND CALL—WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?"

—DITA

AHOY, HONEY!

A brash buccaneer with lust on her mind leads a lover on a search for buried treasure.

By Polly Young

I could hear the shrieking sound effects coming from the front of the store. Even back in my office with the door closed, the shrieks and howls of our spooky Halloween soundtrack reached me.

Whatever the season, we've got a sound. Party stores are festive all year round. I was actually more partial to these noises than to the endless Christmas carols I knew were ho-ho-ho-ing right around the corner.

My job is to make everything flow smoothly behind the scenes, which is why I was trying to figure out why a shipment of bright red rubber clown noses hadn't arrived, when a knock sounded at the door.

"Yeah?" I called out, not putting a whole lot of effort into the greeting. I was thigh-deep in math hell. Two weeks before Halloween, and I'd received one nose. I'd expected 1000. How was I supposed to outfit clowns this season with one measly rubber nose?

My office is located down the hall from the main showroom. There is a creak to the door that I've never bothered to get fixed. Most of the year, the sound doesn't bother me much. For the Halloween season, the eerie whine of the hinges fits right in. The door opened slowly with its signature creak. I still didn't look up as I heard the footsteps of whoever was entering. It was probably just a delivery person who needed my signature. Maybe my noses had arrived! I glanced at the person standing in front of my desk.

It was Katie. She was dressed head-to-toe as a pirate—with a three-corner hat, eye patch and a stuffed parrot. But even with those standard accessories, she was not your average pirate. She oozed sexy, slutty buccaneer from every fiber of her sexy, slutty being.

"Katie," I started. "You look…" My voice trailed off as I found myself floundering for the right words to describe her.

Her white blouse was pulled so low in the front that I could practically see her nipples. The blouse cinched in tight at the waist, showcasing her hourglass figure. The first thought I had was to lean forward and tug that blouse the rest of the way down. Did she have small, round nipples? Or were hers fat and plump? I wanted to know.

"HER SUCCULENT JUICES WERE EVEN MORE DELECTABLE THAN I'D IMAGINED."

Katie wanted something, too.

"Polly want a cracker?" she asked languidly as I looked her up and down in undisguised amazement and unabashed lust. I couldn't imagine where she'd possibly have stashed a cracker. "Or possibly some other type of treat?" she asked next, seeming to read my mind.

While I stared in stunned silence, she lifted the tatters of her skirt, showing off a pair of shiny black satin knickers. She had ropes of excessively large faux pearls around her neck, and she slid off one strand and started to rub the beads obscenely between her legs, obviously stimulating herself. I say obviously, because she shut her eyes for a moment and made a cooing sound like a woman aroused.

"Katie," I said again, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. My coworker generally wore serious clothes—slim-fitting slacks and turtlenecks in muted colors like sad plum or tornado gray. Like me, she's not out on the showroom floor. I manage the inventory; she handles human resources. I wanted to handle *her* human resources! She'd never struck me as someone who would get into the dressing up part of Halloween. Or if she did, I thought she might go as an accountant or a librarian.

"Yes, Polly," she responded, and she turned around slowly so I could see all of her—so much more of her than I'd ever seen before. The strange thing was the more of Katie I could see, the more I *wanted* to see. Now that I was able to ogle the curves of her bountiful breasts and the swell of her spectacular hips, all I desired was to see her body without any hindrance at all.

"Lock the door," I said.

Rubber clown noses be damned. I was going to walk the plank with this vixen.

She spun, her skirt flouncing. I took in the ripped fishnets, the combat boots, the blousy shirt. I decided that she was more pirate-y than pirate, for want of a better description. On closer inspection, I realized that she must have put together a variety of different costumes to assemble the one she was wearing. The shirt was definitely all pirate. But the fishnets looked as if they might have come from a 70s costume. The boots were her own well-loved pair. Once she'd locked the door, I stood and pulled her closer.

"Polly…" Katie started coyly.

"I know. Do I want a cracker? Well, no."

"A muffin?" she teased. "A biscuit? I think there's a chocolate doughnut in the break room."

I shook my head as I sank to my knees and pushed her skirt to her waist.

"A cookie?"

I gripped her skirt in my clenched fists and was running my tongue up and down the seam of her panties. She trembled at my touch. I'd been wanting to eat out Katie for ages. She'd appealed to my dirty sensibilities. Mostly because she seemed to darn serious, always working and never playing. I had daydreamed of ways to get dirty with her, to take her hair down, to see if she wore colored underwear—or any underwear at all. The possibilities were endless, except for the fact that I hadn't known whether or not she was into girls. I knew now. I guess the Halloween season brings out the frisky side of people. Or frees them up, allowing them to loosen their inhibitions.

I traced the tip of my tongue directly over her pussy. I was fairly sure I'd connected directly with her clit based on her reaction. The sighs she made were visceral, coming from deep within her. She held on to my shoulders to keep herself steady.

I didn't want her steady.

I wanted her to tremble and shake. I wanted her to lose all control. Halloween brings out the monster in many people. It divides the Jekylls from the Hydes. Why not bring out the sex goddesses, as well? I dragged her satin panties to the side and began to suck hard on her clit. She went totally silent. I didn't even hear the sound of her breathing. She was one tightly strung wire of desire.

Using my fingertips, I exposed the jewel of her clit, so that the hard little button was out from under the hood. Yes, Katie had dressed up for the season. But I was interested in her naked core.

I sucked even harder, and as I worked her clit with my tongue, I stroked her inner walls with two of my fingers. She started to say my name over and over under her breath. "Polly, Polly, Polly." I loved the way she trilled the end of my name. I amped up the intensity of my assault on her clit, determined to bring her to an earth-shaking, world-bending orgasm. As I did, I thought of the different times we'd crossed paths.

Whenever I'd come into her office, she had never been anything but professional. And yet—hadn't I always sensed a pulse between us? A rhythmic palpitation of unanswered lust?

Her thighs were really shaking now, and she continued to urge me on. "Oh, Polly. Pretty Polly. Use your tongue like that! Fuck me with your tongue!"

I plucked her, twanged her, and in a short span of time had her coming all over my face. Oh, sweet heaven. My face was awash in her juices. I imagined that my cheeks and lips must be shiny with her gloss. I used my shirt to wipe my mouth, and I grinned up at her.

How long had I fantasized about dining on Katie? Her succulent juices were even more delectable than I'd imagined. She was breathing now as if she'd run a race to get to me. I thought I could feel her pulse tangoing with my palms, which were flat against her thighs.

When she caught her breath once more, she asked in a low voice, "Do you have something in those pants for me?"

"You bet," I answered. More than a dripping pussy, in fact. My clothes were concealing the strap-on cock I'd donned earlier. I'd been planning on heading out after work for a little adventure and wanted to be prepared.

"You'll have to earn it, though," I told my pretty pirate.

"What do you mean?"

Katie's slutty seafarer was bringing out my more playful side.

"If you're a pirate, then I'm your captain. And you've been such a naughty pirate. Shirking your duties. Sharing your crackers." I stripped to my harness, boyshorts and bra, then reached into one of the costume boxes that surrounded my desk and found a black jacket. I put it on with a pair of tight black breeches. Then I found a rope

from a cowboy costume, and I lassoed my lass to the office chair. She was very much interested in this game; I could tell. Her cheeks blushed becomingly, and her breathing grew erratic.

"A pirate like you needs to learn some manners."

"We live by the sea," she said.

I licked her neck. She had a salty flavor. I kissed her lips, then bit her bottom one. She squealed. "Tell me more about your life on the ocean," I said. "This seafaring life of yours."

She opened her mouth, but then moaned instead of answering my question. I had pulled her blouse down to reveal a racy lacy bra, bright red and risqué. It was something I would never have pictured her in.

With one hand in her bra, I started tweaking her nipples, first the left then the right. To my delight, she seemed to appreciate a firm touch. I tugged on one nipple. She bowed in the chair, arching to meet my hand and letting me know with her motions that she wanted more. I used both hands now, really palming her tits. She whimpered and sighed.

"You know what happens to naughty pirates?"

"No," she whispered. "What happens?"

"They suck their captain's cock, and then they get punished before getting properly pegged."

She swallowed hard, but her face was lit up, her eyes shining like pirate jewels and her cheeks pink with the heat of her lustful desires.

"I'll suck your cock any time," she said. I moved into a position on the desk that allowed for this type of behavior. I lowered my breeches, and Katie captured my dickhead between her pouty lips. As she sucked my rubber cock, I stroked her gossamer hair and whispered words of encouragement. I wondered how wet she was getting. I was plenty wet under the harness.

When I could wait no longer, I untied her and bent her over my desk. I wanted to deliver a hard spanking—something she'd remember later, something to make her squirm—but what should I use?

Katie cleared her throat and slid a wooden ruler closer to me. So she was putting ideas into my head. Well, I would let her know who was boss!

"Where do you keep your treasure?" I asked her.

"Buried."

"Do you have a map?" I queried.

She nodded but shut her lips tight. Ah. This one would be difficult. She wasn't going to melt for me simply because I asked.

"Let's see if you're more willing to give me information after your punishment."

"I SLICKENED HER HOLE WITH LUBE, THEN MADE HER BEG ME TO FUCK HER."

She raised her bottom high in the air. Vixen! Trollop! She clearly wanted me to spank her as much as I wanted to dole out some punishment. Well, I wouldn't hold out on either of us any longer. I smacked her ass through her skirt with the flat of the ruler. She yelped happily. I gave her another firm swat. I pushed the skirt out of the way and yanked her panties down her sweet thighs and off over her feet. Then I heated her ass and upper thighs for her until she was quite clearly on the verge of coming. Her skin had taken on an attractive rosy hue.

"Where is your treasure?" I demanded again.

"You'll have to fuck it out of me!" she announced. Well, that could definitely be arranged. We both knew she'd given me exactly the answer I was looking for. I pulled her to me and let her feel the tip of my dick. She said, "Put it in me, Polly! Put it in my pussy! Fuck me with your thick cock!"

Although I love to take my time, I couldn't hold back any longer, couldn't deny myself the breathtaking bliss waiting for me. We'd engage in more foreplay on a different trip.

"What if I want to put my cock in your ass?" I asked her. I wondered what she'd have to say about that idea. She was wet enough for me to lube up my dick with her juices and then slide it right into her tight back hole.

"I'll tell you…I'll tell you…" she babbled.

"Where's your treasure?" I asked, giving her one last chance.

"Right between my legs!" she cried out. I plunged then, spearing her pussy with my dick with a brutal intensity, making her practically sob with relief. In and out I worked my dick, knowing that she was going to come in a rush and deciding that I'd have her clean all her juices off me before I took her ass.

I crept one hand underneath her so she could rock against my fingers. She moaned and whimpered, and I sensed the second she dove into the swells of her climax, the scintillating sea of her orgasm. After that, we decided it was my turn. Well, she did. She flipped around and settled herself on her knees. In a heartbeat, her pink tongue was swirling all around my cockhead. Then she was deep-throating my dick with the power and precision of someone who really enjoys having a penis in her mouth. I couldn't stand the teasing after a few short moments. I undid my harness, stripped off my boyshorts and spread my legs wide. She held my ass cheeks in her hands and started to suckle from my font, flicking my clit with her tongue and running the tip all around my own jewel before sucking intensely. I threaded

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my fingers in her hair, called her all sorts of names–both sweet and saucy–and creamed like a fountain all over her face.

There was a look of glazed hopefulness on Katie's features. Were we done? She clearly didn't want to be. Neither did I.

"What do you want to do next?" she asked. I loved that expression of surrender in her eyes. I had taken her to heights. I could tell.

"I want to bury my cock in your ass," I said, reaching for the phallus. She scampered across the room and pulled her purse from the corner. Then she was handing me a bottle of lube and bending across my desk once more. While I poured the liquid into my palm and greased my pole, she held her ass cheeks wide open to show me her rosebud.

What a treasure indeed! I slickened her hole with plenty of lube, then made her beg me to fuck her there.

"You'll walk the plank if you don't pull those cheeks open wider," I threatened with mock severity.

She obeyed immediately, and I pressed the head of my fake dick in her tight ass. Then I used three fingers to plug her pussy while I sawed my cock in and out of her. For a second, I worried that her cries would bring other staffers our way. Then I realized it was now after hours. She and I were the only employees left in the building. That freed me up to tell her all of my feisty plans.

"I'm taking you to my private paradise," I said. "When we're finished here, we'll go to my place, and you'll wear my dick next," I told her.

"Oh, yes," she whinnied.

"Then you can fuck my ass and punish me for tying you up."

"I can't wait," she told me, and I think she meant the words in two ways. She couldn't wait to have her turn plundering my ass, and she couldn't wait to come because she was climaxing again. The tremors of her body told me so.

I pulled out of her and lost the dildo and harness in a hurry. Then I used one hand to rub out a fierce orgasm of my own. I knew we'd have a night of bliss ahead of us, but I needed to even the score before we sailed into the sunset.

Polly had definitely wanted a pussy. That was for sure. And this Halloween, Polly got exactly what she wanted.

TRICKS & TREATS

Sixty minutes as a voyeur changes the way Stella sees the world—forever

By Stella Winterson

"Why would I want to watch?"

I've always been a doer. Watching never works for me. Spectator sports? That's not what floats my boat. Learning by example? I'd rather *be* the example, and let the others do the learning. So when my man said he wanted me to watch something sexy, my initial reaction was no fucking way. I didn't phrase it exactly like that. What I said in the sweetest voice I could manage was, "Why watch when you can participate? Why stay on the sidelines when being in the mix is much more satisfying?"

I thought of some of our previous nights out. There was the time we'd gone to a strip club and I'd entered (and won) the amateur wet T-shirt contest. And then there was our tryst at a swingers party; we'd fucked in the center of the room while the other guests cheered as I reached orgasm after glorious orgasm. Oh, that had been a hot night.

Peter brought me back to the present with one hand on my back, and I felt his fingertips tracing up and down my spine. Earlier, he had sent me a text carefully outlining how he wanted me to dress for our Halloween date. My long legs were adorned in stockings embroidered with a spider-web pattern. My dress was black and vinyl, shiny like flat water. The sheer cardigan I wore over it had extra arms—turning me into what Peter said was the sexiest spider of all time.

"You don't see how watching could ever be a turn-on?" Peter asked.

I shook my head. I hadn't even watched a dirty movie with him. I'd always insisted we film our own and then screen it back. That's why we had our own personal collection of X-rated movies starring the two of us.

He kissed me lightly, just a peck, and with our faces close together he whispered, "You don't even want to ask me *what* you'd be watching?"

All right, so he was definitely piquing my curiosity—as he peeked down the front of my dress. I wasn't wearing a bra. He'd told me to go without. I'd obeyed.

I ran one hand along the side of his face, feeling the sexy scruff of his five o'clock shadow, then moved in for another kiss. Our lips met, then our tongues. I felt flickers of desire burn through me. Peter pulled back.

"NOBODY WAS LOOKING AT ME ANYMORE; I WAS LOOKING AT EVERYONE ELSE."

"Watch out," he teased. "You might start something you can't finish."

"Why wouldn't I be able to finish it?" I asked. We were in public, but not in any place our kiss would bother people. But I knew he was planning to take me somewhere else. He'd let me know that for this Halloween he was whisking me somewhere for treats rather than tricks. But the location was still a mystery.

"You still don't know where I'm taking you."

I was thinking it would be some type of outrageous party. Beyond that, I didn't really have a clue about his plans.

"First, you have to agree to watch," he said. "Watch other people, and then watch how hot you get."

I must have looked more skeptical than confused.

"Don't you trust me?" he asked, sliding one hand up my thigh under my dress. "Don't you trust me to know how to make your motor hum?" His fingertips flicked over the gusset of my panties. "How to rev you up?"

"Yes," I finally agreed, breathless. For one night, what did I have to lose?

Peter took me by the hand, and he eventually led me to a dark building. There was no loud music. This wasn't a club or disco. My mind whirred with possibilities. He said something to a man in a suit standing outside the front entrance. The man checked the list on his clipboard, found Peter's name and allowed us to enter. I felt my arousal growing. We were going somewhere sexy; I knew it deep down in my bones.

As soon as I walked in the door, I took note of the surroundings. There were other women in the lobby dressed in similar attire to my own. Black was the color of the evening. Skintight was the preferred style. But the costumes ranged from fanciful to fairy-tale.

There were cats and vampires, witches and mermaids, and assorted adorable animals.

Peter led me by the hand down a hallway to what appeared to be the main area.

For a moment, I found myself overwhelmed by the visual stimuli. There was too much to take in all at once. One man was cuffed to an "X" shaped cross while a woman dressed in head-to-toe latex teased his dick with a suede cat-o'-

nine-tails. The sub wore a mask which hid his face completely. It was disconcerting to see the permanent smile on his devilish face, while listening to the sound of his ecstatic groans emanating from beneath. Across the way, a stern-looking man had a squirming woman draped over his lap, and he was punishing her with a wooden paddle. She was dressed as a bunny, with fuzzy white ears. At the base of her panties was white puffball tail. The man avoided the tail as he spanked her cheeks intensely.

Everywhere I looked, someone was experiencing some form of kinky torment.

"What do you think?" Peter whispered to me, his mouth close to my ear so I could hear his words over the sighs and groans that made up the general symphony in the room.

"I think…" I started. But what did I think? The scene was too much to soak in all at once. Peter hadn't prepared me for something so damn exciting. I tried to decide where I wanted to begin. There was a spanking horse in the corner of the room. I spied a second "X" shaped St. Andrew's Cross. There was even a stockade-like device. This erotic dungeon scene definitely had been decorated by a pro.

"Are you ready, Stella?" he asked, taking me by the hand and leading me through the crowd.

My heart began to race. What was going to happen? What would Peter do? As those question raced through my head, I saw a chair up on a small platform and started to understand. Answering my unspoken question, he said, "You are going to watch—everything."

That's what he'd said before. That's what I'd agreed to. But I was having a change of heart now that I saw all the erotic possibilities that seemed so much more enticing than being a simple observer. It seemed almost cruel but also inherently exciting. I was a ball of conflicted feelings.

Peter led me up a few stairs. The chair

VARIATIONS

↘ VOYEURISM

was large, like some kind of gothic throne with sturdy armrests and a high back. Whoever sat there would be able to view all of the various goings-on; the vantage point was excellent, I realized. I turned back to the leather-upholstered chair and suddenly realized there were restraints attached to the armrests and the two front legs—and that's when I started to get nervous.

"Just watch?" I was practically babbling. "Only watch?" I know that's what I'd agreed to earlier, but I hadn't realized I'd be physically restricted—that Peter would bind me and force me to do exactly as he desired. Yet even that idea was turning me on. I could feel how wet my pussy was growing inside my nylon panties. In that moment I felt overwhelmingly shy.

"Watch," I said one more time. Not as a question, but as a subdued acknowledgment.

Peter nodded. I could tell by the look on his face that he was still wondering if I was willing to go through with this—if I was going to be completely on board with his wicked plan.

"Why do you want me to do this?" I whispered.

I wondered: Why didn't he want to punish me as I was draped over one of those spanking horses? Why didn't he want to put a collar around my neck and lead me up onstage where he could make me crawl across the floor toward him while everyone else watched? Why didn't he want to tie me down and use a cat-o'-nine-tails on *my* perky ass?

"You said you trust me, right?" he asked.

That was easy to answer. I did. Implicitly. I nodded.

"Then strip, watch and learn, Stella."

Staring into his eyes, I took off my clothes. First, my lace-up boots. Then the spidery stockings. I pulled off the silly extra-armed faux-spider cardigan,

"I WAS OVERFLOWING WITH DESIRE. I COULD FEEL MY JUICES PUDDLING BELOW ME."

unzipped my black sheath and let it fall to the floor. When I was down to my panties, I hesitated. I saw people looking at me—and that part worked for me, the way being on display always did. Then Peter said, "I'm not asking you to do this forever. I'm only asking for an hour."

I considered his words. Over the years, Peter and I have engaged in many sensual situations. He's always had my back, as I've had his. Why shouldn't I follow along as he was requesting? Maybe he was right. Maybe I could learn something. And if not, then he'd definitely owe me.

I stripped out of my undies and settled down on the chair. Peter made a production of binding my ankles and then my wrists. I shifted my hips, adjusted my posture and sat up straight in case anyone was looking at me. That's when I realized: Nobody was looking at me anymore; I was looking at everyone else.

For a moment, the whole room seemed to be one big ball of electrical energy. There was an ocean of rolling, flowing motion. Then I began to focus on the different scenarios that were closest to me. Only a few feet away, a man was taking off his clothes while his domme watched him, hungry desire etched on her lovely features. When he was totally nude, she locked a cockring around the base of his dick. Then she forced him to his knees and demanded that he lick her pussy. My own pussy ached upon hearing

her words. I wanted Peter to lick me. If he licked my pussy while I was seated in the chair, everyone would see. People would watch us. I turned my head toward him. He didn't even look at me.

Damn.

I glanced to the left. Oh, what was this? The woman who'd been on the receiving end of the spanking I'd witnessed earlier was now having lotion rubbed into her bright red ass cheeks—her bunny-tail panties gone. She seemed to be finding the massage more than appealing. She made dove-like cooing sounds as a blonde woman caressed her punished flesh. I wasn't surprised when the two vixens took things to the next level. Of course they would find a place to 69—and that place would be almost directly in front of me. I stared, fascinated and worked up, as they brought one another erotic satisfaction. The bunny-earred girl cried out when she came. Her voice reverberated within me, making me feel more desperate.

Then I had a wicked thought: What if one of them would lick me? What if I said, "My pussy is wet, too. You could trace your tongue up over my clit." I cleared my throat. Peter looked at me harshly. In a flash, he pulled a ball gag from his pocket. I parted my lips, resigned, as he buckled the gag into place. He knows me too well. He had come more than a little prepared, but I was prepared to come!

There I sat, bound and gagged, watching the two minxes rocket off. Then they moved aside, and I turned my head to take in their satisfied struts as they wandered away. Who would I watch next? I wondered. Would they be as much of a turn-on as the women had been?

I needn't have worried. A triad of lovers—two women and a man who were aglow with excitement—found a spot to my right. They were dressed as cowboys, and they seemed to be having trouble taking off their clothes because they were so busy kissing one another. I had to crane my neck slightly, but it was

worth the effort. What did I see? They all had hard-ons. I realized as they disrobed that the women were each packing. Their cocks were at least as thick and hard as their male counterpart's real one. With the addition of a lot of lube, the ménage made the most of their moment. First, one woman started to fuck the other with her unflagging dick. They were so engaging that a small semi-circle of spectators soon surrounded them. I worried for a second that my view would be impeded, but Peter was looking out for me. He stepped forward, urged the crowd to part slightly, and made sure I could continue to see everything.

Things got steamier still as the man engaged with the ladies. First, he fucked the brunette's perky ass. Then he let the blonde fuck his. Whichever role he took seemed to please the audience equally, based on the encouragement he received from the crowd. Which did I like better? I didn't care, truthfully. I wanted to be in the middle. I would have fucked. I would have been fucked. I was overflowing with desire—completely torqued up. I could feel my slippery sex juices puddling below me.

That's when something stroked my pussy.

I cried out around the ball gag, practically coming. It was Peter. Sweet Peter. While I'd been lost in the la-la land of my passionate fantasies, he'd dropped to one side of the chair and began to pat a rhythm of pleasure against my desperate clit.

"MY WHOLE BODY FELT ALIVE WITH WONDROUS FLICKERS OF ENERGY AND ELECTRICITY."

I gazed helplessly at him. He grinned at me. Then he stood and unfastened the gag before resuming his initial position. He did not touch me again, and I was aghast that he'd leave me hanging like that, right on the verge of orgasm. But he soon took pity on me.

"How did it feel to watch?" he asked softly, and as he posed the question, he probed my pussy with two of his fingers. So he knew *exactly* how it felt. I was dripping wet, my juices coating his digits. He leaned closer, and he licked my split. I raised my hips and tilted my pelvis as much as I could as he thrust his tongue up inside me.

"So sexy," I admitted, in spite of myself.

"Better than being in the spotlight?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"No?" he pulled back. Would he stop if I didn't say yes? I bit my lip—then looked over at the ménage once more. The group was still going strong, and I felt my pussy pulse as one of the women jacked her hand up and down her juice-slicked shaft. Fuck, that was sexy. That was more than sexy.

"Now, let's try something else," Peter said, and he unfastened my bindings and set me free. At first, I was still. I waited for his next command.

I'd enjoyed being forced to watch. Up until that moment, I'd never fully understood or appreciated the role of the spectator. Now, I did. Being a voyeur had made my pussy pulse. Being forced to stay in place had heightened all of my senses.

Peter pulled me to standing. He whipped out an item from an inner pocket of his jacket, like a magician producing a bouquet of silk flowers. It was a satin blindfold. In seconds, he'd taken away my sight. I was in his hands, quite literally, as he led me deeper into the club. I felt people brushing against me. I felt hands rubbing, pinching. My whole body felt alive with wondrous flickers of energy and electricity.

The strangest thing started to happen then. It was almost as if because I'd spent the first part of the night watching that I was able to imagine how other people felt while watching me. I was simultaneously the viewer and the exhibit. The player and the played. I basked in the sensation of being on display–as I always did when Peter paraded me around. But I also had a soft spot–or was that a wet spot–for those who were watching, now that I knew the ins and outs of being a voyeur.

The way I felt inside was like nothing else. I was a champagne bottle, shaken up and ready to explode. I was a meteor, shooting across a midnight sky. I knew that my pale skin shone under the lights of the club, but I felt iridescent, or prismatic, as if I might send sparkling rainbows to the four corners of the room.

Why had I always pushed back when Peter had pressed the issue of voyeurism? Why had I never wanted to sit on the sidelines? To let someone else be the star of the show?

I told myself I'd think about that later. Right now, I had other delightful notions to pay attention to. Like the fact that Peter was going to fuck me in public. I knew it was his cock pressing against my pussy. I knew the way his arms felt holding me tight. Right as he pushed his dick into me for the first time that night, someone–I'll never know who–pulled the blindfold from my eyes.

As Peter thrust his thick manhood into my cunt, I met the gaze of a comely brunette standing close by. She locked eyes with me, and I didn't look away. Not once. Not as Peter fucked me as hard as I've ever been fucked. Not as others reached out to brush my hair from my eyes or stroke my breasts.

The brunette was a stranger, not anyone I'd met before. Not anyone to whom I'd spoken, yet she was watching me get fucked. While there were plenty of other lovers in action around us, they all melted away and faded to black.

This girl and I? We were connected. She made sure I was watching as she shook off her shiny pink dress. It hadn't even occurred to me to figure out what costume she wore. Was she a peony? Was she a strawberry? A puff of cotton candy? She made sure she had my total attention as she opened her bra and let that fall away. Her breasts were luscious and lovely. A man at her side started to pinch her nipples. She shut her eyes and bit her lip. Then she opened those large beautiful eyes of hers and stared at me again as she took off her panties. I was so swept up in watching her strip that I almost didn't sense my own impending orgasm.

But there was Peter, stroking my clit with his fingertips and cresting his fingertips over my swollen nub. I yelped with surprise, announcing that I was going to come.

"Go on, Stella. Come for me. Come loud. Come hard."

I couldn't have stopped myself at that point. The rushing pleasure was too intense.

When I climaxed, I saw that the dark-haired girl was matching my rhythm as she stroked her pussy, working herself to orgasm seconds after me. She threw her head back and moaned. I echoed the sound as pleasure continued to flare through me. This was what Peter had been talking about all these years. Watching and being watched. Tricks *and* treats. My world turned upside down–or possibly inside out. But I didn't care. I didn't care about anything other than coming–and coming again.

When Peter released me, I was loose-limbed and malleable.

I had watched. I had learned. Not only something about my spectacular boyfriend. But something about myself. That watching was much more of a turn-on than I ever thought it could be–and I couldn't wait to do it again.

STUDY BREAK

Jonah and I were sitting in the study section of the library. It was pretty empty because most undergrads were out enjoying Halloween. But not us.

He had his laptop open and a stack of books in front of him, creating a fortress of seriousness. I had my tablet and a few periodicals. We were surrounded by an aura of complete concentration.

But it was a fucking lie.

Instead of reading my work, I was focused on Jonah and how sensuous his eyes were and how his hair was falling in front of them, and how I could have reached over and brushed the sandy strands out of his eyes. We were that close.

We'd been friends for so long, but our attraction was there, smoldering beneath the surface and waiting for the perfect time to ignite—which seemed to have finally arrived.

"What are you thinking about, Monica?" he asked softly, catching me staring.

I fumbled for a quick response. The Pythagorean theorem? That sounded good, except I wasn't studying math. I was working on history. "The rise and fall of the…" I began, but those words just made me think about his cock. Would it fall to the right or to the left? Would he tell me if I asked?

"You have the strangest expression on your face," he continued, his voice so low only I could hear it. What was my face doing? Was it letting him know I wanted to suck him somewhere in the stacks? That I wanted to lick him in the library?

I blinked and tried to emulate the serious expression he was giving me. That didn't work. I felt a wave of giggles—nervous laughter—bubble up inside me. This was going nowhere fast. If I wasn't careful, the two of us would be ejected from the library. Then it would be my fault he wouldn't pass whatever exam he was studying for.

I looked down at my tablet. Jonah nudged my foot under the table.

"Come on," he whispered. "I'll pay your library fines if you tell me what you're thinking about."

Gathering up my stray wisps of confidence, I wrote a note on a scrap of paper and shoved it across the table. The note read: *sucking you.*

Then I looked back at my tablet and waited for what would happen next. What happened was that Jonah started to pack up his books. He moved with such forceful purpose that I had no choice but to follow along with him. The tablet, the magazines, everything went into the satchel. Then Jonah and I left the library together. He said, "That was all I could think about, too," when we were out of the quiet zone.

"Really?"

"Yeah, you do this thing with your tongue when you're studying." He stopped me under the yellow glow of a streetlight. "You lick your top lip and then your bottom lip…I wanted to feel your tongue on me."

"Where?"

"On my cock," he said, as if I were slow.

"No," I said, feeling frantic. "Where? Where can we go?"

He hurried me along to his apartment. He lived right off campus in the first row of buildings. They were white adobe homes with crimson-tiled roofs. Fortunately, he lived on the first floor. I couldn't imagine making it up to the fourth or fifth. Even with proximity in our favor, I had my hand on his crotch while he worked the key in the lock. We were at each other as soon as the door shut behind us. I fell to my knees. He opened his fly. Then I let him feel the warm caress of my tongue on his cockhead. He sighed and told me that ever since he'd first sat at my side on the opening day of classes, all he'd wanted was to feel my mouth welcoming his dick.

Feel it, he did. I gave him the best blowjob I could, putting all of my fantasies into the sucking and licking of his rock-like dick. While I grew accustomed to the way he felt in my mouth, I touched myself through my jeans. I couldn't restrain my hands. I

"WE CONNECTED PERFECTLY, ROCKING EACH OTHER HIGHER AND HIGHER."

was more aroused than I could ever remember being.

When he came, I almost followed him. I had one palm palpating my panties through my jeans and the other cupping his balls. The climax was explosive for him, but I hadn't reached mine yet. He wasted no time pushing me onto my back on the floor, yanking down my jeans and returning the favor.

His tongue was a treat, making a circuitous route around my clit, tracing all sorts of hidden codes along my seam. I cried out and came when he tapped a tattoo of beats right at my core. Jonah looked up my body and grinned at me, his mouth sloppy-wet with my juices.

"Take off the rest of your clothes," he said. I obeyed the command immediately. He removed his own attire as well, and then we were ogling one another's naked selves for the first time ever. Damn, he had a fine body. I could tell he appreciated my sleek physique from the way he was eyeing me like I was a fancy dessert he couldn't wait to devour.

He joined me on the floor, covering my body with his and teasing my clit with the tip of his cock.

"Put it in me!" I demanded.

"You want me to cram it in?" he taunted.

"Fuck, yes, Jonah!"

"Let me give it some thought." He was dragging his cockhead up and down my juicy nether lips. I was out of my mind with desire, needing to feel him inside me.

"Please!" I begged. "Don't leave me hanging!"

He winked and thrust at the same time, and I wrapped my legs around him, as if to ensure that he wouldn't slip away. We connected perfectly, rocking each other higher and higher, and soon we were both coming together. When I'd headed to the library, all I'd had on my mind was books and notes. I'd never imagined having hot sex with my biggest crush!

"That was the best study break of my entire life," he said.

"Thank goodness we have a whole week to prepare for exams," I responded, and we flipped positions and decided to go at it again.

–M.R., Boulder, Colorado

LATECOMER

I was lost in a sexy dream when something shook me. Was it a breeze blowing my hammock to and fro? Salt-tinged from the ocean with a whiff of tropical flowers in the mix? No. It was my roommate, actually shaking my bed.

"Your alarm clock is going off!"

Resignedly, I hit the "off" button and pulled up the covers. "Was it bothering you?" I asked, sitting up and trying to orient myself. The clock radio had been playing music loudly right next to me. I'd managed to blend the song into the soundtrack of my sleep.

He shook his head. "No, but I thought you might want to wake up and, you know, make it to class."

I looked at the time. *Fuck*. I had managed to sleep through the first alarm, the second alarm, the snooze. The blasting rock was the final attempt. There was no way I'd make it to class on time,

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

and my professor had a policy of not admitting latecomers. I told this to Tim.

"I'll snag the notes from one of my classmates," I muttered sleepily.

Tim didn't move. I was snuggling my body pillow, getting ready to dive back into my dreams of a beachside paradise. I'd never gone to Hawaii or Jamaica or any perfect white-sand beach. But I wanted to.

"So you're going to sleep all day?"

I looked at him. "The professor doesn't allow latecomers," I said again.

"I do," he said.

"I SHOOK, FEELING THE PLEASURE BUILDING AS IF FROM A BALL OF HEAT WITHIN ME."

"You do what?"

"Allow latecomers." He hit the second half of the word: "comers."

We had never officially hooked up. That didn't seem appropriate for roommates. But we had been fairly frisky with one another from time to time. He'd let me see him walk naked to the shower one morning, and I'd practically tripped on my tongue at the sight of his hard pecs and sculptured ass. I'd returned the favor by sunning in the nude on the fire escape, knowing full well that he could see me in my altogether from his bedroom window.

So there was that, and there was this: Tim taking off his shirt, and then staring at me again. I cocked a brow at him, then pushed the covers off the bed and undid the row of tiny buttons on my pajama top. That was all I had on. If this was a game of strip poker, I was going to lose quickly.

Lose is, of course, a relative term. I was naked and waiting while Tim had to untie his sneakers and step out of them, then pull down his shorts and briefs. When we were both in the buff, he said, "What were you dreaming about?"

"Island paradise."

"Describe paradise," he said, joining me on the bed and pulling the pillow away from my body. Then he started to kiss me while I tried to talk. It was difficult finding the words to match the scenarios I'd seen in my mind. The hammock, the breeze, the sky a painting of pure light and rainbow hues. I shut my eyes as Tim kissed my neck, then my belly, moving to my pussy before licking his way along my inner thighs to my toes. He kissed each one and then moved up again, and by the time I was telling him about the sway of the hammock, his dick was inside me and we were moving together.

I knew there would be hell to pay later. I'd have to study extra hard to make up for missing the class. But it was worth it. When he made me climax, I shook all over, feeling the pleasure building as if from a great ball of heat within me. He came right after I did, and I squeezed him extra tight with my inner muscles, trying to pass on the type of pleasure he'd given me.

Latecomer. Early comer. From now on, whenever I come, I hope it will be with Tim.

–F.R., Minneapolis, Minnesota

COED COUGAR

I was a coed again—after 20 years. I couldn't believe I'd managed to make the necessary twists and turns in life to find my way back to a college campus. But there I was, ready and willing to learn, to finally knock out the remaining credits and snag the degree.

After my first day of classes, I stopped at a nearby grocery store for candy in case I got any trick-or-treaters—and grabbed a bottle of bubbly for celebration. I deserved it!

I was feeling euphoric when the checker behind the counter carded me. He couldn't have been talking to me, could he? Not 42-year-old me. I looked in front of me and behind me. He winked, then motioned to my university sweatshirt.

"I card all the coeds." My heart melted. Coed. I really and truly was a coed again!

I flashed him my ID. He flashed me a bigger grin. "Danielle," he said. "Pretty name for a pretty student."

"Do you flirt with all the coeds, too?" I asked as he rang up the rest of my groceries. He shook his head. "Only the beautiful ones." Then he slid me his number and told me to call him.

Could I? I was changing my life. Could I change it to the point where I went out with a man in his 20s? As I strutted out the door, I heard the bagger say, "That's one hot cougar." A cougar and a coed in the span of five minutes—two things I'd never thought I'd be—and I'd definitely never thought I'd be them simultaneously.

From the parking lot, I gave the checker a call. He promised to be at my place when he got off work.

All the way home, I talked myself into and out of knots. What would he think of my apartment? I'd transformed my life to be where I was. It had been years since I'd been on my own, decorating for myself. Maybe he wouldn't notice the art on the walls, the comfortable sofa in seashell pink. Then I started to worry about what I should wear—or shouldn't wear. Would a man his age know what a woman my age looked like under her clothes? Yes, I'm sleek. But I'm not a kitten anymore.

All of the worries dissipated when he arrived. I was still in my jeans and university sweatshirt, my inability to choose a sexy outfit having left me in the one I'd already been wearing. He had a bouquet of wildflowers in his hand. We went at it before we'd even reached the living room.

"You didn't have to card me, you know," I said, as he pulled my shirt over my head.

He bent to kiss my breasts, and then looked up at me. "How would I've learned your name?"

"You just had to ask."

"Is that all it takes?"

"Try me."

"Will you take off your jeans?"

I peeled them down and stood with a hip cocked, posing and letting him look at me up close. He seemed momentarily speechless. Then he queried, "And your bra?" I flipped the clasp and let the red lace hit the floor. I knew that I looked good. Different, perhaps, from the coeds that he was undoubtedly accustomed to, but good enough to eat, I thought. Then "good enough to fuck" I mentally amended, because he was ripping himself out of his own clothes, then hurrying to take me in his arms.

Oh, the young men. I'd forgotten about the young men when I'd made plans for the rest of my new life. I planned to embrace learning in classroom settings. I promised myself I'd do my homework on time. But I'd forgotten what it was like to have unexpected sex with a hot, hunky man.

He bent me over the back of the sofa and stroked his fingertips along my split, from my pussy to my asscrack. "You're so wet," he said, and his voice was part whisper and part urgent groan. I reared back toward him. He slotted his dick between my pussy lips.

In one thrust, he was in me, and soon he was pounding me so hard I had to hold on to the edge of the sofa to keep myself steady. I relished every inch of his massive dick. He seemed to find equal

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

bliss in the depths of my pussy.

"What do you like?" he asked me, and his voice was a throb of a whisper.

"What do you mean?" I panted back.

"Women like you…you know what you like."

Women like me. So he was a cougar chaser. I thought for a moment, still riding on the pleasure of simply being fucked. Then I said, "Play with my asshole. Use your fingertip."

He did exactly what I demanded, and I felt my orgasm building.

"What else?" he asked. He was practically begging.

"Tell me you'll fuck my ass next. Tell me how you'll do me."

I was putting the controls in his hands once more. He ran with the instructions. "Oh, yes, Danielle," he said. "Such a firm tight ass. I'm going to fuck it as hard and as fast as I'm fucking your pussy."

Those words took me right to the edge. I said, "Now fuck my pussy as hard as you can until you come."

I held my breath as I tried to stave off my orgasm. I wanted us to climax together. When he came, he came hard, filling me up with his cream and shouting as he shot off like a rocket. I came on the cusp of his climax, and I swore that I saw sparks of light flashing in the air around us.

We took a breather, the two of us leaning against one another as we panted from our exertion. His semi-soft dick slowly grew to full mast once more, and I knew I was in for a long, lovely night.

When I'd decided to return to school, I had told myself to embrace the new. But I'd never thought I'd be a coed cougar. Maybe you *can* teach an old cat new tricks!

–D.R., San Diego, California

MAKING MUSIC

The sounds of my neighbors making love woke me up. Again. They were nothing if not predictable. It wasn't their fault, I told myself–also yet again. The walls were thin in the dorm. And they were in love. Or at least in lust. They were in something; he was inside her–that was for sure.

Still, they didn't have to be quite so vocal, did they? I heard Joe's sighs. I heard Cora's groans. I put my pillow over my head. Their lovemaking sounds reached me through the down. I came out from under the pillow.

My roommate was away for the weekend, probably making her own lustful noises with her boyfriend at the nearby university where he was studying. I grabbed a book and my pillow and headed out of the room and down the hall to the common room, which I'd seen earlier had been decked out for Halloween. There was no way I was going to get any sleep until they were finished. At least I could catch up on my work.

There, I found Marc sitting on one of the sofas which was situated underneath black and orange streamers. He had a book on his lap. Marc lived on the other side of Joe.

"You, too?" he asked sympathetically. He'd clearly been listening to what I'd been listening to.

"Don't they ever quit?"

He shook his head. "I timed them once. I think they went at it for three hours without taking a break."

"Or a breath," I said.

"I CAME IN A RUSH, MY WHOLE BODY QUAKING, AND THEN WE SETTLED BACK."

"Usually, I wouldn't care, but I have this chem final tomorrow." He held up the thick book.

I should have been studying, too. But I'd chosen an early night so I could be refreshed in the a.m. That had failed. I looked at Marc. He was cute with his spectacles on the edge of his nose. I moved to his sofa and began to read over his shoulder. Then I started reading aloud, putting a lot of emotion into the rather dry text.

He laughed and shut the book.

"I have an idea," I said.

"Do tell."

I looked at the textbook. "What if we made our own chemistry?"

"You want to mix…potions?"

I put a hand on his thigh. "I want to mix something."

That was all he needed to hear. We went back to my room and locked the door behind us. The neighbors were still going strong–and loud. Marc and I met each other's eyes. Then we gave them a run for their money. I started to suck his cock. He said, "Oh, Julie! Oh, oh!" He was overacting at first, but then I could tell I was really reaching him. There was momentary quiet next door. *Ha*! I thought. They were paying attention to *us* now.

"Your mouth feels like heaven!" he shouted.

I felt my cheeks go pink. If they hadn't known what we were up to specifically, they definitely did now. There was murmuring on the other side of the wall. Then we heard Joe saying, "Suck me harder!" Aha. So we were influencing their activities. Marc pulled out from between my lips and lifted me to standing. Then he went on his knees and tongued me good until I was speechless with bliss as I anchored myself by gripping his shoulders. He paused for a breath and then hissed, "Make some noise!"

Oh, that's right! I was supposed to up the ante. So I cleared my throat and said, "Fuck, that's good. You know just how to lick my…" Then I stopped. I had never been a dirty-talker before. Did I say snatch? Or pussy? Or should just moan? Marc made another sensuous circle around my clit. Then he sucked on it, sucked hard, and my knees trembled. I was going to slide to the floor.

"Let them know!" he insisted. He went back to sucking almost immediately. I got over my stage fright and shouted, "Keep doing that, Marc! Keep sucking my clit!" He squeezed my ass with his hands and rubbed his chin hard against me. I came in a rush, my whole body quaking, and then we settled back on to my mattress. The bed on the other side of the dorm wall was slamming into the plaster. Marc maneuvered me into a doggy-style position and got behind me, clutching my hips tightly.

At some point, I forgot we were teaching them a thing or two about making noise. I forgot everything except for Marc and how well he was fucking me. Did I cry out his name? I think so. Did I scream out my pleasure? I must have. Because after we'd both reached our peak, I heard a distinct sound. This time, however, it wasn't coming from Cora and Joe. It was coming from the room on the other side. Fuck. Had I disturbed our other neighbors? I thought I might have. Then I realized–no. We'd inspired them. The sounds of people making love emanated from the room on our right, and Joe and his lover were back at it on our left.

I turned to look and Marc, and we made eye contact. Then we decided to add our music to the cacophony.

If you can't beat 'em. Fuck 'em. In stereo!

–J.J., Tucson, Arizona

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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